THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXX.—No. 1566
DECEMBER 20, 1933
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

# The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP

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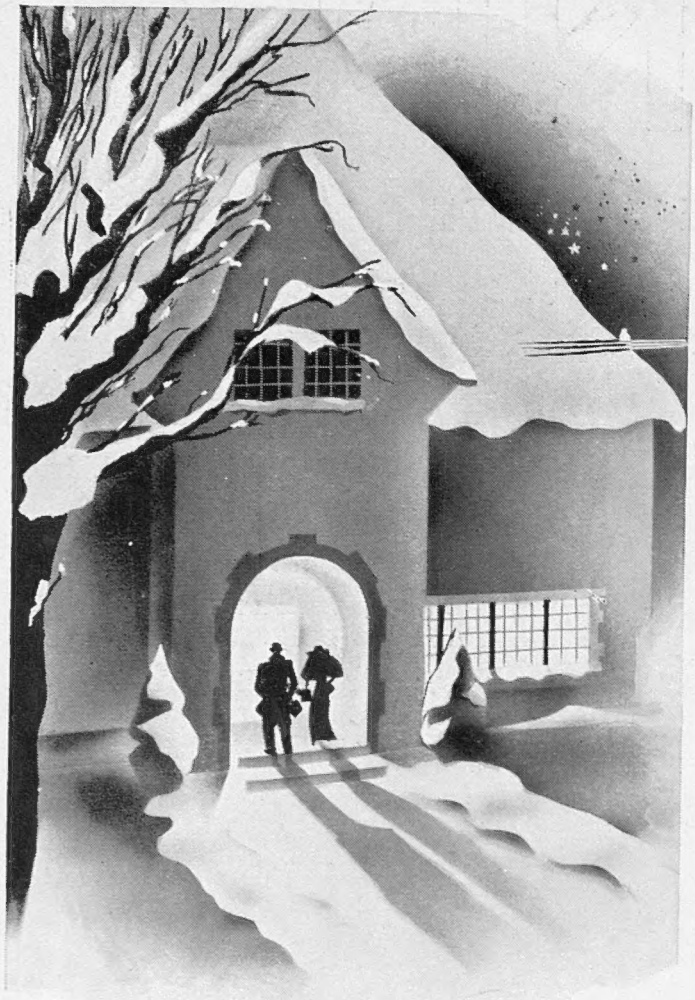

Of course they've thought of everything and everybody . . . but it would be so unlike Xmas without the bright and breezy

# BYSTANDER

for all in the house to enjoy. It is to be hoped that it has arrived.

*All Newsagents and Bookstalls in Town sell The BYSTANDER, but if your regular newsagent is on the 'phone, request him now to send The BYSTANDER Xmas Number with to-morrow's paper.*


## *AMUSEMENTS*

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**Beaulieu (A.M.) The Carlton.**—Full South. Large shelt. gdn. Win. tms. from Fr. 40. All cmft.—Summer, Carlton Hotel, Le Touquet.

**Hyères.—The Golf Hotel.**—On its famous links (18 holes). Tennis and Croquet. Inclusive rates from Fs. 65. C. Borgo, Mangr.

**Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.**—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel du Rhin, rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

**Nice (Alp. Mart.)—Terminus Hotel.**—Facing Station—Full South. Quite up-to-date.

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**Hotel Beau Lieu**—Family Hotel in own grounds. Quiet. Overlooking Town and Sea. Moderate. Aeschliman, Prop.

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**Carlton Hotel.**—On the Croisette. 400 rooms with bth-rm. Open-air Res. and Bar. Priv. beach. 7 Tennis crts. 2 Squash racket crts.

**Hotel Miramar.**—300 rooms all with bath. The leading Hotel of the Riviera.

**Alp. Mart.—Hotel Suisse.**—Family Hotel. Comfortable. Garden leading to Croisette. Terms from Fs. 50.

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**Alp. Mart.—Winter Palace.**—High-class though inexpensive.

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**Hotel Windsor.**—Open all year round. First-class family hotel. Large garden. Moderate terms.

**Cap d'Ail (nr. Monte Carlo).—Eden Hotel.**—200 rms. on sea. 15 acres park. Tennis. Own beach. Free 'bus to M.C. Pens. 65 Fs. No taxes.

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**Alassio (Italian Riviera).**—Pension "Villa Carlotta." Eng. cmfts. Hot & cold running wt. in every rm. Gar. Cen. htg. Mod. prices.

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**Geneva.—The Beau Rivage.**—Finest pos. on Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. Splendid terrace with open-air Restaurant.

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**Geneva.—Hotel Richemond.** First class fam. hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

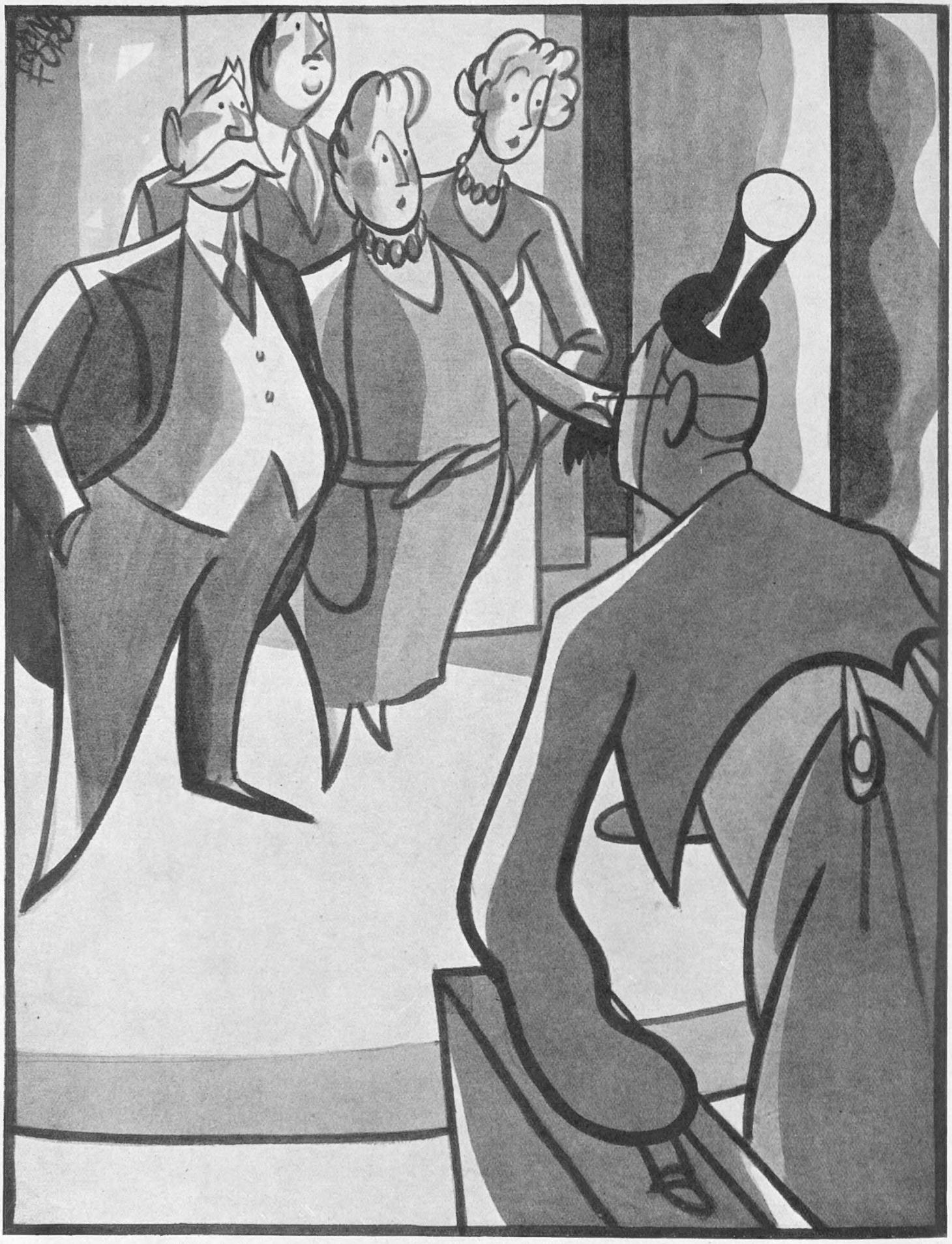
The Bystander, December 20, 1933 No. 1566. Vol. CXX.

# The BYSTANDER

**Devised by Macsee** **Caricatures by Gould**

## "Murderous Marriages": No. 6. Havelock Ellis and Mary Ellis

*For this week's "marriage," our caricaturist presents Henry Havelock Ellis, literary man and scientist, and Mary Ellis, singer and actress, who helps to popularise "Music in the Air." For his unconventional material the artist has used in one case some corrugated paper, two cigarettes, a knife-handle, two lumps of sugar, and some cotton-wool; while in the other he has sought aid from a page from a song, cut out and painted with black paint, and a sheet of black paper*



"Lazy?—Oh, I thought you said *Crazy* Week-End"

# Standing By . . .

## A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

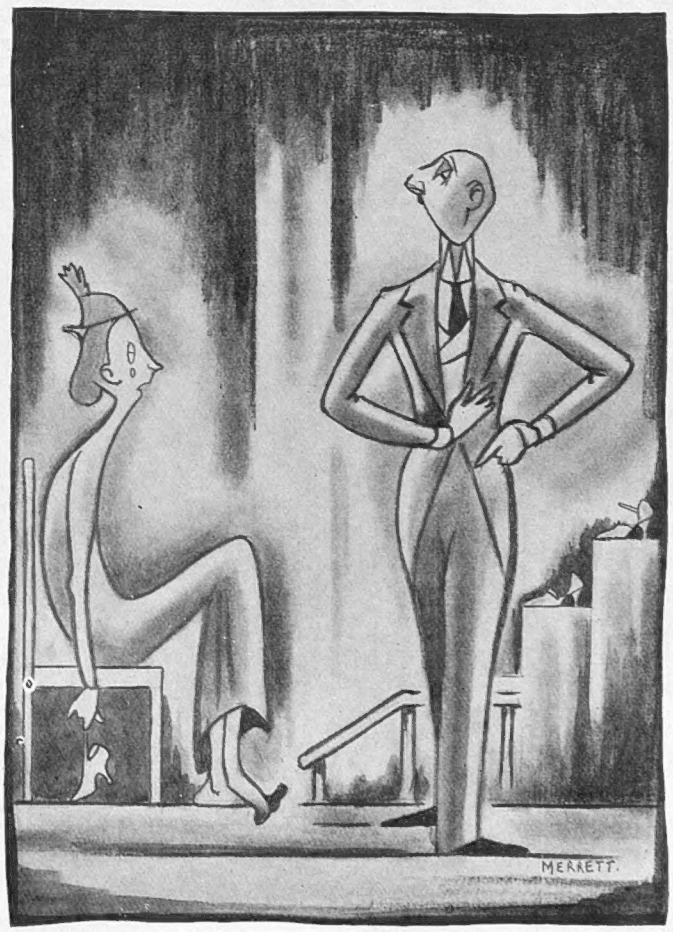
**By "The Bystanders"**

***Your Paris News at Last***

You have been very patient, pretty ones, waiting a whole week for more news of Paris. But now is your reward, for here it is at last. We had a lovely time, and drank so much wine of Beaujolais, of Sancerre, of the Côtes du Rhône, of Touraine, of Anjou, and of one or two other districts, the names of which we cannot remember, and could not spell if we did, that the Ministry of Tourism and Viticulture had to telegraph feverishly for fresh supplies. We dined off truffles at the Rôtisserie Périgordine, and lunched off truffles and had quiet truffle-teas. We did not go to a single silly gallery or museum. In other words, we enjoyed ourselves. Our main impression was the total absence of Americans, and the consequent gloom and depression in the neighbourhood of the Place Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix. There were no American newspapers on the kiosks, and the prices in the hotels had fallen like so many stones. On the other hand, the repeal of Prohibition has given a fillip to the folk who buy Spanish wine and shove it into French bottles and clap any old label on to it and export it. They are rubbing their hands. The smaller and less reputable bookshops no longer display the great masses of dubious books and magazines which, it was always assumed, American gentlemen liked to buy and study when their ladies were buying whole shopfuls of jewellery and clothes, and one of the most famous of illustrated periodicals has gone out of business altogether. The cabarets and night-clubs of Montmartre and Montparnasse wail most bitterly at the departure of the dollar, and at all the most expensive restaurants in the city can be witnessed the spectacle, naturally so repugnant to Anglo-Saxon eyes, of the natives enjoying the best food at the best tables.

***What! No Legs?***

We went, of course, to the Folies Bergère, which even the absence of Americans does not affect, and saw Mistinguett. Poor darling, she tried very hard, but it was no good. We simply could not work up any enthusiasm, especially as her fabulous legs were hardly on view at all. She was as discreet, almost, as a vicar's daughter in a Barrie play at a Women's Rural Institute on behalf of the Mission to the Patagonians.




"*Our customers* never *walk!*"

***A Lovely Excursion***

We almost went to Fontainebleau, but spent the day instead at the Gare de Lyon. Some of you may protest that Fontainebleau might have been more interesting, and certainly more amusing, and you are probably right. But, after we had bought our tickets (aller et retour), we discovered that we had missed the only train which would have got us there in time to catch the only train which would have got us back, so we decided to ask for our money back. Now, the French nation are admittedly the most cultured, the most logical, courteous, charming, witty, and delightful people in the world. But there is one of the social arts on which they are not strong, and that is the art of giving money back. Indeed, it would be no exaggeration to say that they are better at lawn tennis, boxing, cyclisme, hippisme, and adding ten per cent. to a bill than at remboursement, and that is why we spent the day at the Gare de Lyon, tramping steadily and with true bulldog pertinacity from the bureau of the chef de gare to the bureau of the sous-chef, and from him to the bureau - de - contrôle and thence to the sous-bureau-de-contrôle, and popping our heads into every guichet, from Number 1 to Number 137, on the chance of startling a fonctionnaire into coughing up the dibs. All were perfectly delightful. Each one wrote something perfectly illegible on the tickets. But each one was quite firm in explaining, in lucid, transparent French, that the actual remboursement was not an affair of his department. The shades of night were falling fast, as some rather indifferent poet wrote a good long time ago, when we actually got into touch with a man who read, carefully and slowly, all the fifteen or twenty inscriptions

*"Up-si-daisy! Now we're going to jump up and laugh, to show how brave we are!"*

## *THESPÆANS*

### No. 12.—Mr. Bertram Mills

When Christmas-time comes round again,
With fun and laughter in its train,
The children of all ages go
To see that entertaining show—
The Circus at Olympia.
For, thanks to Bertram Mills, there are
A host of clever acrobats,
And lots of clowns in funny hats,
And animals, both tame and wild,
To cheer the hearts of man and child,
Who, naturally, love to sing
The praises of the Sawdust Ring.

But when the Christmas season 's done,
Kind Mr. Mills will start to run
Around the globe in search of new
And wondrous turns for you to view.
He 'll dash to Spain to see some man
Who 'll lift a horse and loaded van;
Then fly to Prague, there to enlist
Some agile equilibriist;
Or else rush off to Planksville, Penn.,
To sign up an equestrienne,
For everywhere upon the globe
For first-class talent he will probe.

And, as you know, his energy
And enterprise are so great he
Is rightly recognised as King
Of all the sanded Circus Ring.
So Earls, Lord Mayors, and others who
Have names well-known to me and you,
Delight to hand him a bouquet
When praising him in nicest way.

* * *

Child! If you, too, would grow to be
As full of enterprise as he,
Just try to follow in his road—
You 'll fail, *of course*, you little toad!

B. W.

on the tickets, and then drew up a huge receipt, containing particulars of the colour of eyes of our grandfathers, the shape of the strawberry-mark on our left shoulder-blade, and the distance between Lille and Rocamadour in nautical miles, and then suddenly gave us our money without so much as bating an eyebrow.

It took us four litres of Beaujolais and two of Anjou to restore our drooping spirits. But we had the consolation that we had pulled off a feat which no British Chancellor of the Exchequer has ever managed to pull off.

***Tut, Tut! Careless!***

The recently-discovered proof that it really was Richard III. who put the Princes in the Tower on the spot, caused a great sensation in Paris, because the careless headline-writers got the number of the Edward wrong, and the splash-headlines, "Le Reconstruction, à Londres, de l'assassinat des enfants d'Edouard," gave everyone the impression that it was the Seventh Edward, so beloved in Paris, who had had this domestic tragedy.

***A Sorrow***

We did not hear a single Anglo-Indian colonel talking fluent Hindustani to waiters, which was a great source of grief to us.

*"Has this dog a family tree?"*
*"No, Mum, no particular tree"*

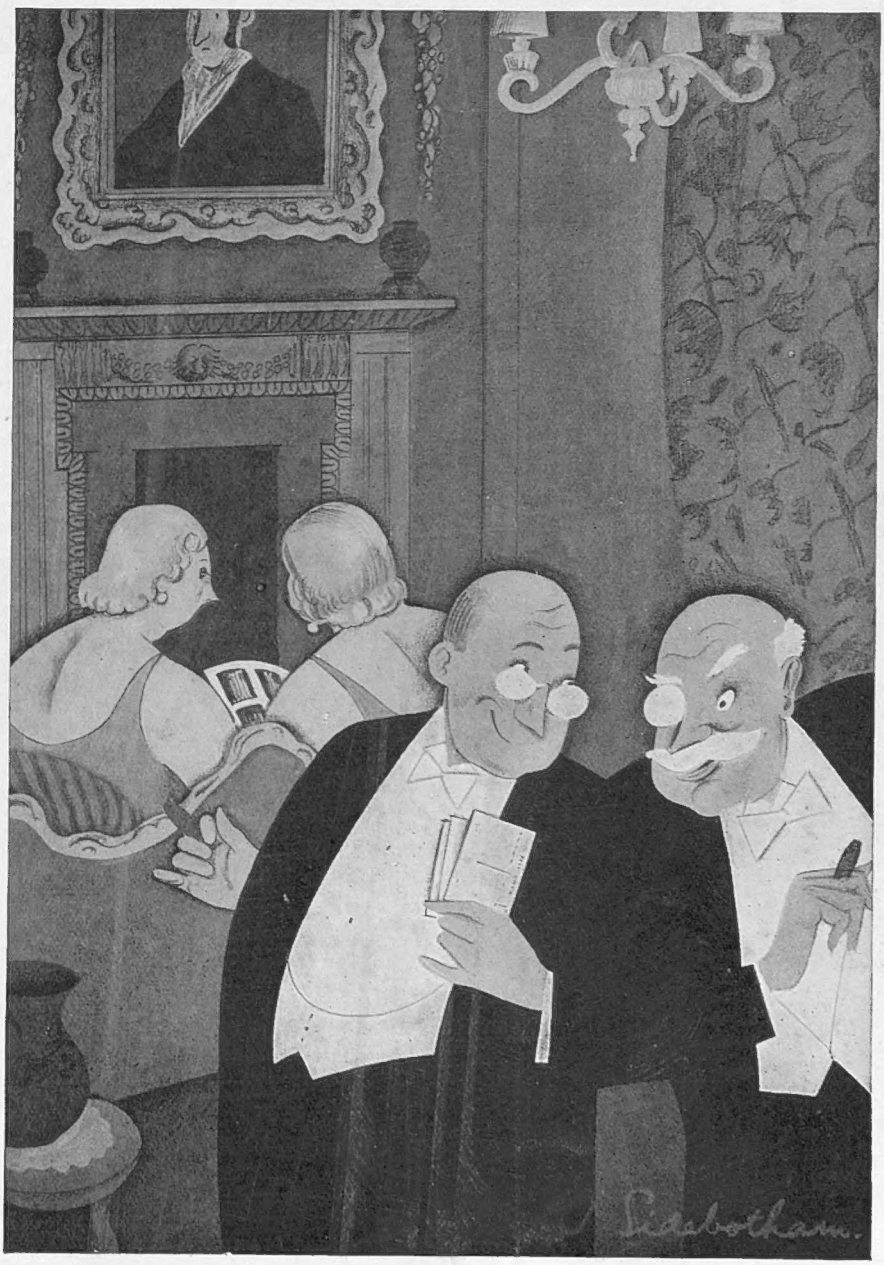
### *We Look So Gallic*

No more about Paris now, lovely pets, except that, on our return to London, we were walking past St. James's Palace at the time of the Changing of the Guard, and, so Continental had our appearance and carriage become in the course of our week-end, that we were accosted by one of the ten thousand Frenchmen who had come over to see the England-France "Soccer" match. He asked us whether the tune which the band was playing was one of the traditional marching-songs of the British Guards, and, to our shame, we were compelled to admit that it was an air entitled "Qui a peur du grand mauvais loup?"

### *Now Then, Mr. Howard Marshall*

THERE is great fun in the world of Rugby Football. It appears that a gentleman with a Welsh name, who has already announced to the world that he is a South African, by playing cricket for South Africa against England, is now announcing to the world that he is an Englishman, by offering his services, if required, to England on the "Rugger" field. As he is, from all accounts, extremely deft at both games, there are some charming possibilities for the future. When the Springboks pay their next visit to England, on which side will this versatile gent. play? If for England, as his present action makes the more likely course, then he clearly is not a South African and ought to play cricket against South Africa as well. But if he turns out for the Springboks—but our heads, never of a powerful calibre, are reeling. The only parallel that we can recall took place in an international Badminton match some years ago, when a certain lady, a skilled player and one who was no more averse from international honours than her neighbour, was appointed one of England's reserves. But between the appointment and the date of the match she discovered an Irish relative whose existence qualified her suddenly for Ireland, and so, in one and the same match, she actually played for one side and was reserve for the other.

*"No, Joe's just gone out!"*




*"We collected these on our Continental trip this year, dear"*

### *A Legislator Comes to the Surface*

COLONEL WEDGWOOD, speaking in the House of Commons, said that the cost of giving a good time to a girl was high, much too high, and ought to be diminished. This brought a burst of rousing and sympathetic cheering from all the benches. As Mr. A. P. Herbert has written somewhere, "Start her on champagne, boy, but train her down to hock."

### *The Cop's Coll.*

CANDIDATES for the new Bobbies' training-school must provide themselves with a dinner-jacket suit, four dress shirts and patent-shoes (? patent-leather). We understand that the reason for this innovation is to facilitate raids on night-clubs. Too often in the past has a raiding policeman given the whole show away by

allowing his bow-tie to slip off its stud and fall with a marked thud into the consommée gelée. The night-clubs, so far from being alarmed at the new sartorial regulations for those big, broad men with waxed moustaches who are so expert at dancing the Valeta, the d'Alberts, and the Roger de Coverley, have already devised a neat counter-measure. Only tail-coats will be allowed. That will make Lord Trenchard think (assuming, of course, with our usual tolerant charity, that anything can).

***Our Pets' Corner***

So there really is a monster in Loch Ness. People seem to be agreed about that, and all those citizens who hastily signed the pledge after seeing it on late, moonlight nights, on their way home from nichts wi' Robbie Burns, and such-like festivities, are taking counsel's opinion on the binding validity of the pledge. The country-side, we hear, is littered with discarded pieces of blue ribbon, often savagely torn and trampled upon as if by an angry man. There are no reported cases of anyone being actually put into a home for chronic inebriates on the strength of having seen the monster, but if any such cases have occurred, we look to prompt action by the Government for their immediate release. In the meanwhile, the problem is what to do next? The serried ranks of British sportsmen cry, "Shoot it!" After all, whatever it may turn out to be, it is reasonably certain that it is not a bittern, an osprey, nor a rare species of white owl, and anything else is fair and legal game for the sportsman. There is even some talk of borrowing a boat and a machine-gun from one of our English stag-hunts, but it is doubtful if these can be spared during the season.

Cranks, of course, want to leave it alone, except to photograph it; but you know what cranks are. The notion that it may be a shark can be dismissed. All the boys from the City who went North this year, to fish or shoot, have been accounted for.

***Golfers' Road***

Fancy any public body in these tough, go-ahead days actually taking the trouble to be sentimental over the naming of streets. The tendency is all the other way, and names like Appleblossom Lane suddenly get re-christened Gloucester Villas, and Rosemary Hedges wakes up to find that it has become Commercial Road. But the L.C.C. has had a rush of historical sense to the head, and is proposing to turn Lewisham Hill into Wat Tyler Road; Woolwich Road into Prince Charles Road, because Blackheath burst into popular rejoicings in 1623, when Prince Charles came back from Spain without the Spanish Infanta in tow; Talbot Place becomes Duke Humphrey Road, after a Duke of Gloucester who was Lord of the Manor of Greenwich in 1433; and, perhaps best of all, Windmill Road becomes Golfers' Road, to commemorate the foundation of the oldest Golf Club in the world, which was started at Blackheath in 1608 by the courtiers who came to the golf-less land of the Sassenach with James I.

***Eat More Fruit, Eh?***

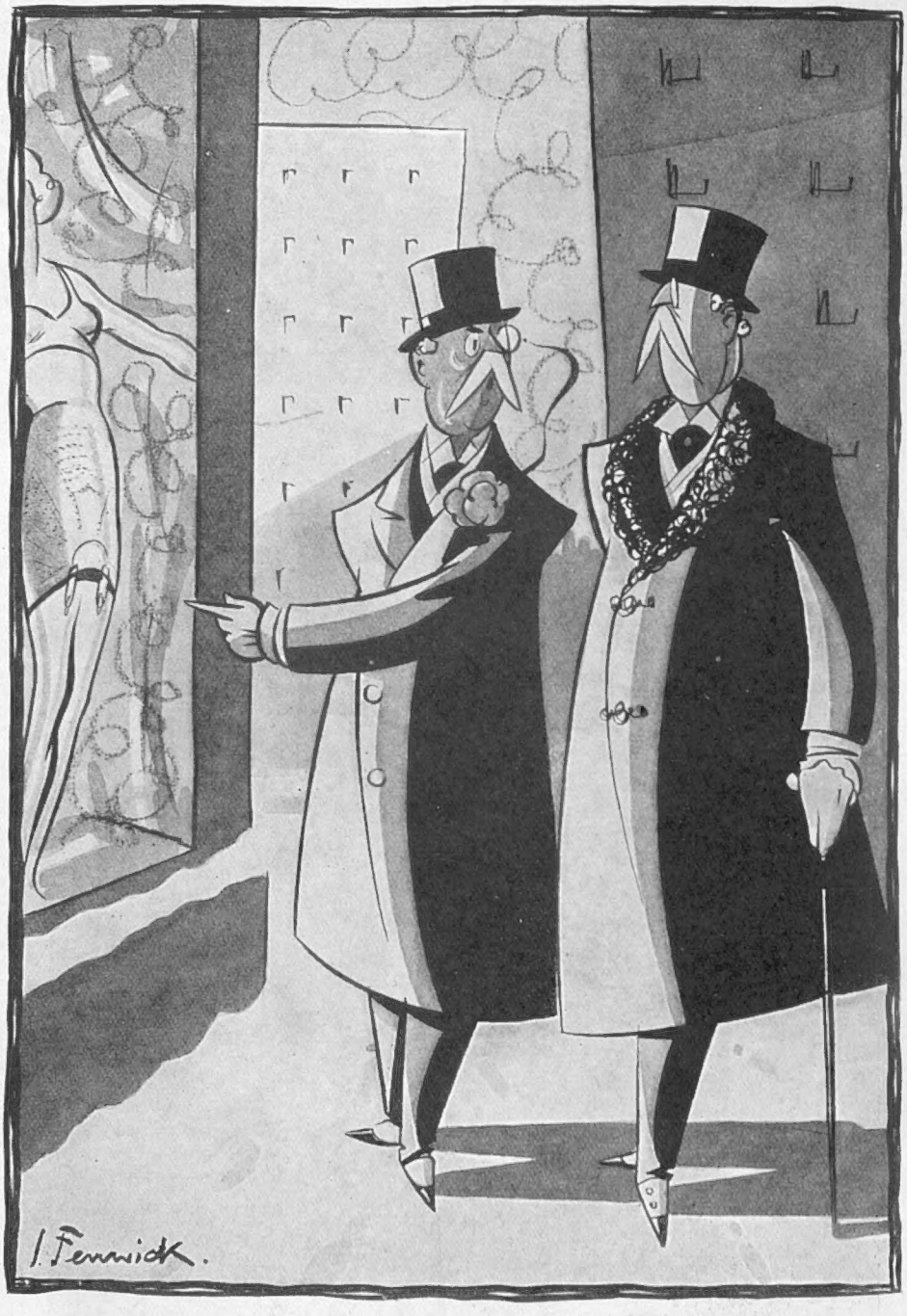
Go and whisper this jolly little slogan into the ear of Mr. Melville Cooper, and if he hauls off and lands you a quick swing to the jaw, don't blame us. For we are warning you, here and now. Mr. Cooper is at present appearing in Mr. J. B. Priestley's new play, *Laburnum Grove*, at the Duchess Theatre, and in every Act he has to do a spot of banana-eating. Not just one banana, mind you, but four. One banana is very nice, two are just possible. But four! We mean to say! Up to date, Mr. Cooper has dealt with 156 of these succulent plantains (trade term), and is going on steadily at the rate of 32 a week.

We propose to publish, week by week, Mr. Cooper's growing figure (not, we need hardly add, his figure in the sense of his silhouette; the well-known nourishing qualities of the banana would make that a definitely tactless thing to do), so that you, pretty ones, may realise that there still remain some of the tough, stern qualities that have planted (or plantained) our glorious flag, etcetera, etcetera.

The Bystanders.

## "WHAT'S ON"

If You Want to Know All About the Christmas Holiday Entertainments — Plays, Films, and so on — Please Turn to Page 591 for "The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements




*"Are you suggesting, Cadborough, that I don't know Charnaux when I see 'em?"*

# Films of the Hour

## A Selection of Contemporary Pictures

*Jean Harlow, in "Blonde Bombshell"*

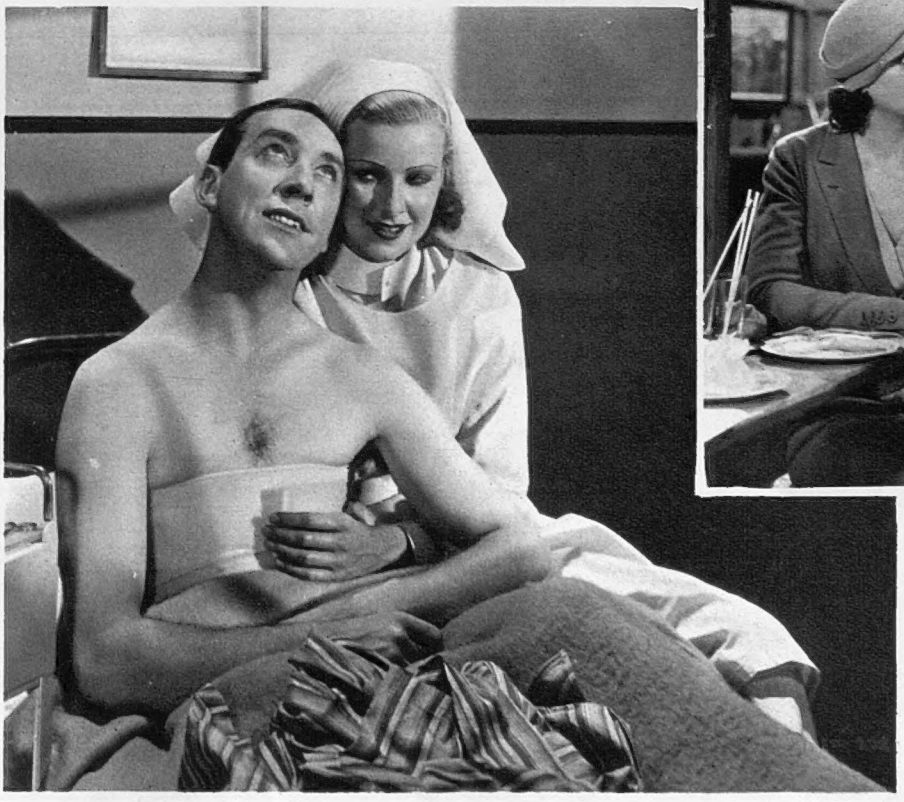
*Marcelle Chantal in "L'Ordonnance"*

*Left: Jean Harlow and Frank Morgan in "Blonde Bombshell," the explosive satire on film-stars and their publicity agents, at the Empire. Jean Harlow does what her agent (Lee Tracy) tells her, with much demonstration of temperament; in spite of the noise, she scores a more subtle and intelligent success than is always permitted to super platinum blondes*

*Above: a scene from the French film at the Rialto, which is based on a de Maupassant story. Marcelle Chantal, the star, has been called the most beautiful woman in France; with her in the photograph is Georges Rigaud. The film, which is directed by V. Tourjansky, is worth seeing above all for superb camera-work and exceptionally lovely settings*

*"Friday the Thirteenth"*

*Above: Jessie Matthews and Donald Calthrop in one of the retrospective scenes in "Friday the Thirteenth," which shows how the victims of the bus-smash, round which the story pivots, have come to take the ride, lucky or unlucky to each of them, as they deserve. Left: Sonnie Hale, the conductor of the bus, finding that it's not such an ill wind that blows an injured man into the arms of a pretty nurse. Victor Saville directed the film, which is running at the Tivoli*



# Looking at London . . .

*(1) "Les Débutantes," in the black velvet dresses and sequin-decorated gloves that they wore for their turn at the Savoy, which was greeted with slightly ironic enthusiasm. Miss Salt got bad marks for self-consciousness, Miss Tunie Karri-Davies good marks for her lack of it. "Les Debs" were: Tunie Karri-Davies, Margot Hawkins, Primrose Salt, Margot Scott, Gweneth Butler, Peta Davies, Elspeth Grant*

"Les Débutantes" Entertain

*Cecily Blunt, "Les Debs," Solo Dancer*

*(2) Miss Blunt did a slow acrobatic dance with skill, grace and confidence, as one of the turns in "Les Debs'" special entertainment, which formed part of last week's cabaret at the Savoy; the fees that the performers received were presented to the Crusade of Rescue (Homes for Destitute Children). Mrs. John Barnard, who organised the show, also did a solo dance*

*First-Night Faces*

*(3) The Countess of Oxford and Asquith and her son, the Hon. Anthony Asquith, are two occasional first-nighters who went together to see "Escape Me Never!", at the Apollo*

*London Moods and*

Swaebe

Swaebe

*(4) Mrs. Herbert Marshall (Edna Best), Sir Neville Pearson and Lady Pearson (Gladys Cooper) went to see Elisabeth Bergner's first apperance on the London stage in Margaret Kennedy's play, "Escape Me Never!"*

## *Whoopee for Wet-Bobs*

*(5) At the Thames Rowing Club dinner, at which the Rt. Hon. Stanley Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia, who rowed in the winning Cambridge Eight in 1904, presided: D. C. Price, E. Schupbach, P. N. Carpmael, C.U.B.C., and R. H. H. Symonds*

## *Moments*

*(11) Miss Valerie Domville, the Hon. Frances Tollemache and Miss Rosabelle Perowne in the dresses they wore at the Calico Ball, which was held last week in aid of the League of Empire and Girls' Realm Guild*

*(6) Mr. Noel Coward makes a note on his programme, at the Apollo first night. (7) Mme. Alanova rehearsing with her accompanist, Mr. Stephan Kovacs, before her two matinée dance recitals at the Savoy Theatre, the second of which took place yesterday. (8) Miss Claire Luce at Mrs. Warren Pearl's fork luncheon in connection with the Royal Matinée in aid of King George's Fund for Distressed Actors and Actresses. (9) Mr. and Mrs. John Mason dancing at the Café de Paris. (10) Miss G. Humber having supper with Capt. "Jumbo" Jolliffe, who sailed for South Africa last Friday*

## *The Three Graces*

Swaebe

# Westminster Whispers

## Un-Parliamentary Asides

## By "Big Ben"

THE House rises to-morrow for its Christmas holiday of a month. I don't know whether every Member will go away feeling satisfied with himself. There are certainly some who have no cause to be. The debates on the Unemployment Insurance Bill were remarkable, not for the bitterness or intensity of the Opposition, but for the complete lack of interest displayed by Government supporters. It must really have been embarrassing to any anti-Socialist visitor in the galleries.

THE House fills up when a "star" is speaking; otherwise it is three-quarters deserted. Captain Margesson shepherded four hundred and thirty-five of his flock into the "Aye" lobby for the Insurance Bill on the Tuesday. The next day, Wednesday, was Private Members' day. There was a motion on Electoral Reform. The Liberals mustered thirty-two. The National Government, with the Socialists, who always vote to sixty per cent. or more of their full strength of fifty-six, could only number one hundred and twenty-eight. Of course, nothing could come of the discussion—it might even be put down as a waste of time—but Members are not returned to Parliament only to answer to three-line whips.

I HAVE been looking at the division record of last Session. The "possible" was three hundred and eleven. Captain Margesson scored three hundred and three; Admiral Taylor, seven. When one remembers all the South Paddington election excitement, one cannot help asking what is the explanation. Captain A. C. N. Dixey is, I believe, not standing again for Penrith and Cockermouth. He voted twice. Sir John Leigh, of Clapham and Carlton House Terrace, has eleven to his credit; Sir Walter Preston three. I am sure that all these gentlemen have excellent excuses for their absence; but I do hope they have told them to their constituents. They should give themselves a chance of standing in their true light.

MR. ELLIOT continues to be the most forward Minister, in more ways than one. To begin with, I was shown last week a small book on the Corporate State. Mr. Elliot has written a preface to it. The book was enthusiastically reviewed in the Mosley Press. And now the Minister of Agriculture has declared that when all else fails he will go back to medicine. It is nice to think that in the future age of controlled scarcity we may all depart this life according to plan. I trust the Cremation Board won't get into difficulties with its quota. After all, Mr. Elliot will not be content with his present department for ever.

*"Covent Garden . . . has assumed increased importance. The new Opera Syndicate includes Lord Lloyd and Lord Stonehaven"*

COVENT GARDEN has blossomed out afresh—but not the Agricultural part of it. It has assumed increased importance. The new Opera Syndicate includes Lord Lloyd and Lord Stonehaven. Is this a significant move towards harmony, or yet another show of discords? Who was enticed on to the Board first? Will the upper hand be obvious from the programmes chosen? Anyway, it is a welcome departure; most politicians' musical tastes rise no higher than "Land of Hope and Glory."

MR. SEYMOUR COCKS continues to perform in his rôle of mosquito. He gets hold of a grievance and settles down to enjoy it in the discomfiture of the appropriate Minister. Sir John Gilmour was astute enough to perceive that silence was the better part of discretion; Mr. Herbert Williams, rushing to his assistance, he ignored.

IF and when there is another Socialist Government, Mr. Cocks may be rewarded for the work he has done (he is not only a mosquito) by an Under-Secretaryship. I think he rather fancies the Admiralty, although he is on the India Joint Select Committee.

THE Socialist Headquarters are growing perky again. The municipal elections came as a pleasant surprise to them. But they have been quickly seized on as a sign of the Party's resurrection after the 1931 burial; and it is only a question now of determining the size of the majority at the next General Election. I think Transport House will be disappointed, although the Prime Minister could make more certain (if he wants to) of another victory, by infusing some fresh blood into the Cabinet.

THERE has been talk of Sir Godfrey Collins going to the House of Lords, as well as Sir John Simon. The Lords' agitation for a representative of the Foreign Office amongst their numbers may or may not be kite-flying. But it is possible that it will give Mr. MacDonald just the excuse he needs. Mr. Boothby is still tipped for the next promotion. He deserves it.

IT is incredible that Mr. Chamberlain, with all his municipal experience, should have so deliberately upset the Liverpool delegates who waited on him the other day. It is equally incredible that the Prime Minister should have talked on the wireless of the "gay, high old times" of Party politics before the great National Government came into being. Mr. MacDonald made his reputation as a war-time agitator and as a Socialist before Socialism was taken up by the Public School and University men. It is such talk as this and Mr. Chamberlain's brusqueness that make one despair of democracy.

# Night Life

## The Vaudeville First Night and the Harbour Lights Ball

*Sir Anthony Weldon and Miss Dorothy Dickson were with a party in a box to see Mary Newcombe in Melchior Lengyel's comedy, "Angel," at the Vaudeville*

*Above: Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne and Miss Dorothy Hyson sat in the stalls for the Vaudeville first night*

*Left: Mrs. Henry Anson, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Mackail, and Mrs. Sam Allen were four more of the audience at the première of "Angel"*

*Lady Inchcape, who received the guests with Lady Margaret Shaw, at the Harbour Lights Ball, decorating Captain Mills with a paper hat, under the critical eye of Lord Inchcape, who appropriately wears a sailor one*

*Photographs by Swaebe*

*Below: Mrs. Allom, Lady Alington, and the Hon. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine at the Harbour Lights Ball, which was held in aid of the Missions to Seamen*

# Second Thoughts on First

***"Angel" (Vaudeville)***

MAY BE you remember that bit of pantomime business where two of the comics fool a third about a dog that isn't there at all. They keep talking to the dog and making him jump over imaginary walking-sticks, and things like that, until the other fellow doesn't know whether he 's sober or sane. I rather fancy he ends by buying the dog for £5.

That 's the way I began to feel myself in the second act of Melchior Lengyel's play, which has been adapted by R. G. Trevelyan. I kept reminding myself that Hungarian dramatists are apt to be a bit fanciful, and that this was artificial comedy, and not something starkly sociological about Equal Rights (of Infidelity) for Women to be handed out by repertory companies in places where life is earnest because it 's always raining. But, rub my eyes as I would, this Lady Lester, with her phoney talk about mistaken identity, got me just as flummoxed as the young man from Borneo she 'd just spent two nights and a day with in Paris. She 'd met him casually in an establishment for gambling and other sports, run by an American dame and a gigolo Prince, where no one knew her by any other name than "Angel." Her husband, an economist of note, whom she loved dearly, was the sort of man who said their honeymoon had been perfect, because he felt all the time as if they 'd been married for six months. So that explained Angel's visit to Paris.

Mr. Borneo fell in love at first sight, and Angel, who didn't see why a man could get away with these lapses while a woman who kicked over the traces should be treated like mud, pretended to be a cocotte, just to make the experiment safer.

In Act 2, the love-sick Mr. Borneo looked up his old friend, the economist, in London, and when he found that Lady Lester and "Angel" (who had given him the slip) were one, you could have knocked him down with a feather. Angel carried it off splendidly until the economist was out of the way, and then I expected her to quit fooling and tell the young man to hop it or meet her somewhere for dinner, as the case might be. But she didn't. She just went on play-acting and pretending he was suffering from hallucinations or Borneo fever

THIS bit of trickery, I admit, was an adroit sequel to a sound theatrical situation. I bought it, knowing I was being done, and, of course, when I got home the dog wasn't there. I 'm afraid Mr. Lengyel will never make much headway with us matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxons.

An even trickier situation arose in the third Act, when it was touch and go whether Angel left Paris with the economist or cut adrift on the seas of passion with Mr. Borneo. Henry Hewitt and Colin Keith-Johnston were

*An Angel (Mary Newcomb) who fell further than she expected, thanks to her being a wife with advanced ideas on free love, is seen on the left. The other female figure is Mary Clare, who is not interested in anything free. On the right, in the chair, is Angel's lover (Colin Keith-Johnston), who was unable to become a husband, and Angel's husband (Henry Hewitt), who found it difficult to become a lover*

*"Angel," at the Vaudeville*

# Nights : Two Very Remarkable Actresses

both so stodgy that the success of either experiment seemed doubtful. As things were, I suspect Angel would have been back in Paris within a month.

Mary Newcomb, as the Alpha and Omega of this expert and entertaining conjuring trick, gives a wizardly exhibition of personal magnetism and sub-emotional finesse. The queer lure of Miss Newcomb's voice, the way she wears her lovely clothes—there 's no mystery there. But I 'm still waiting for some unbinder of spells to analyse the elusive elements of her fascination. Perhaps our old friend mass-hypnotism has got tired of the rope-trick. Mary Clare's brazen, red-headed momma is racy and amusing.

***"Escape Me Never" (Apollo)***

TESSA has gone, but units of the Sanger Circus are still at large. In this echo of her famous musical menagerie, Margaret Kennedy has gone outside the family circle for her Constant Nymph. Gemma Jones (half-Russian, half-Irish, and born on a Dutch cargo-boat—or so she told the respectable English family in Venice who threatened to hand her over to the police) is the heir to Tessa's crown of waif-and-stray-dom, and, so that her cup of suffering may overflow, one of the Sanger sons makes an excellent successor to Lewis Dodd. This Sebastian (Hugh Sinclair) is a selfish cad who makes love to brother Caryl's girl, lets Gemma earn for him, and, when her baby is dying during the rehearsal of his dud ballet, tells her to go to hell. We follow Gemma's progress as a limpet of love and loyalty from the Palazzo, haunted by tourists and girls' schools, where she is caught eating stolen cake, disguised as a blue-pinafored pupil, to a hotel in the Dolomites. Here Caryl (Griffith Jones) finds his English fiancée (Eve Turner), who has been hurried away by a fearful father (Leon Quartermaine, unrecognisable in a wig), and the trio of hiking troubadours breaks up. In London Caryl sticks to a job, while Gemma and Sebastian pig it in a mews-studio, quarrelling violently and always ending up in each other's arms. The baby dies, a temperamental ballerina wrecks Sebastian's music at rehearsal, Gemma is accosted at a coffee-stall and looks all set for suicide, Sebastian prepares to make off with Caryl's girl, and the Sanger brothers stage a grand fight in the studio. After that, there is nothing left for Sebastian and Gemma but to cling brokenly together once more.

If this brusque outline gives you the notion that *Escape Me Never* is not only a re-cooked cut from a favourite joint, but theatrical hokum ginned up by Baedeker and the artistic temperament, I 'm not saying you 're wrong. You and I don't have to think anything about this play at all, and by this time you ought to know it, or you can't be reading the daily papers.

That leaves me all of a dither about Elisabeth Bergner, simply because all the cute words like gamine, pathos, elfin, and such-like have been worked to death by the other victims of her genius. Hair more sandy than auburn ; a German intonation to colour this cadence and that ; quick, eager, childish movements, and, in that slight, restless frame of a waif of fourteen, all the dumb agony of motherhood, all the vagrant joy of living, all the fury and pity of suffering This slip of a tragedienne has me in thrall, to escape her never so long as the sparks of great acting fly upward.—TRINCULO.

*Right : Elisabeth Bergner, as a rolling stone whose adventures have saddled her with an illegitimate child and a worthless husband. Below : Sebastian Sanger (Hugh Sinclair), the worthless husband, receiving a well-merited lesson at the hands of his brother, Caryl (Griffith Jones). The impartial witness is Fenella (Eve Turner), who cannot make up her mind which of the brothers she really loves*

*"Escape Me Never," at the Apollo*

# CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

## No. 29

# Lord Portarlington

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

BEHIND the blonde tortoiseshell spectacles, husky cheerfulness and portly gait of Lionel Arthur Henry Seymour Dawson-Damer, sixth Earl of Portarlington, there is much more than meets the eye. Even his sometimes garish checks and his always immaculate Rolls-Royces have a distinct place in his scheme of things. For Lionel, or "Porty," or Lord Portarlington, whichever you call him, is a very clever business man. As a salaried employee of one of the most fashionable coach-builders in the country, his days are fully employed, while there is no knowing who may buy cars designed by him at the week-end. He has long ago learnt that the highest art of salesmanship is to let the other fellow start the conversation in the desired direction; and sooner or later, when you are talking to Lionel, you are bound to get on the subject of motor-cars.

ONCE upon a time he was a regular soldier. He has also been in the antique business. But motor-cars have always been his first love, since he owned a 3½-h.p. Benz in 1900, and he has had a car of some kind ever since! Do you remember that decrepit old coupé, with a fire-engine bell on it, that used to haunt the Embassy for so many years? To-day, Lionel has become a number one body-designer, and his latest model is to be full of sensible gadgets, like mudscrapers and clothes-brushes for men who are motoring home after a point-to-point. He takes it all very seriously, and quite rightly.

IT was some time ago that he married the beautiful Australian, Miss Winifred Guill. His boy, Carlow, has now joined the family business, where his command of six languages ought to be very useful. It was more recently that Lionel sold Erno, with its nine-mile-round park. To-day, it is a seminary for Jesuits. What else can I tell you about him? Well, he is a teetotaller, a keen pike-fisherman, and a keen shot. Has a voice which is indistinguishable from Leslie Henson's, a town house in Chesham Place, and a country house at Chipping Sodbury.

Yevonde

*Miss Evelyn Spilsbury*

Lenare

*The Hon. Mary Ward*

*Below:*

*Miss Dorothea Donoghue*

*Hay Wrightson*

# "A Marriage Has Been Arranged . . ."

## Six Future Brides

*Miss Evelyn Spilsbury is the only daughter of Sir Bernard, Spilsbury, the famous pathologist, and Lady Spilsbury, and is engaged to Mr. John Alisdair Steel, of Blackpark, Perthshire, son of the late Mr. J. Sydney Steel and Mrs. Steel. Miss Priscilla Thomson, who is engaged to Sir Arthur Grant, Bt., of Monymusk, Grenadier Guards, is the younger daughter of Brigadier Alan F. Thomson, D.S.O., and Mrs. Thomson, of 73, Eaton Place*

*The Hon. Mary Ward, the eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Bangor, is engaged to Mr. Peter Mansfield Weatherby, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Weatherby, of Frome St. Quintin, Dorchester*

*Miss Dorothea Donoghue is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Donoghue, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., and a sister of the Countess of Carrick; her fiancé is the Hon. Adrian Verney-Cave, the elder of Lord and Lady Braye's two sons*

Lenare

*Miss Elizabeth Croft*

*Miss Elizabeth Croft, the eldest daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Henry Page Croft, Bt., C.M.G., M.P., and the Hon. Lady Croft, is engaged to Mr. Richard H. Bayford, the eldest son of Mr. R. P. Bayford, K.C., and Mrs. Bayford, of Netley Hill, Hants*

*The Hon. Magdalen Fraser, who is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Lovat, and Lady Lovat, and the Earl of Eldon announced their engagement ten days ago*

Lenare

*Miss Priscilla Thomson*

Bertram Park

*The Hon. Magdalen Fraser*

*"Laburnum Grove" — Suburbia Satirised and Scandalised*

*Scenes from J. B. Priestley's comedy at the Duchess. On the left are George Radfern (Edmund Gwenn), a gentleman in the paper-making business, with his commonsensical wife (Mary Jerrold), and (above) Mrs. Radfern's sister (Ethel Coleridge) and her husband (Melville Cooper), a couple of spongers stopping in the house, possessed of limpet-like attributes. The latter is a confirmed banana-biter*

# Plays and Performers

## The Stage's Contribution to Christmas Gaieties

*"Ball at the Savoy," at Drury Lane*

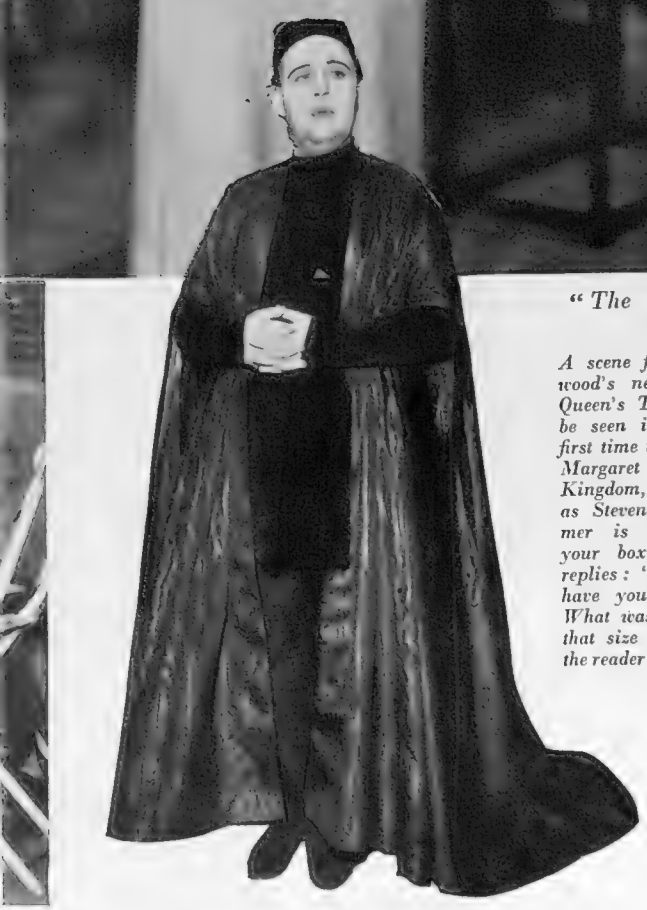
*Rosy Barsony, playing the principal soubrette part in the above musical comedy, which is having a long run at the "National Theatre." She is Hungarian by birth*

*"Escape Me Never," at the Apollo*

*A scene from Margaret Kennedy's new play, in which Elisabeth Bergner, the celebrated Austrian actress, made her first appearance in London and has been acclaimed as great. She is seen on the left, while on the right is Hugh Sinclair*

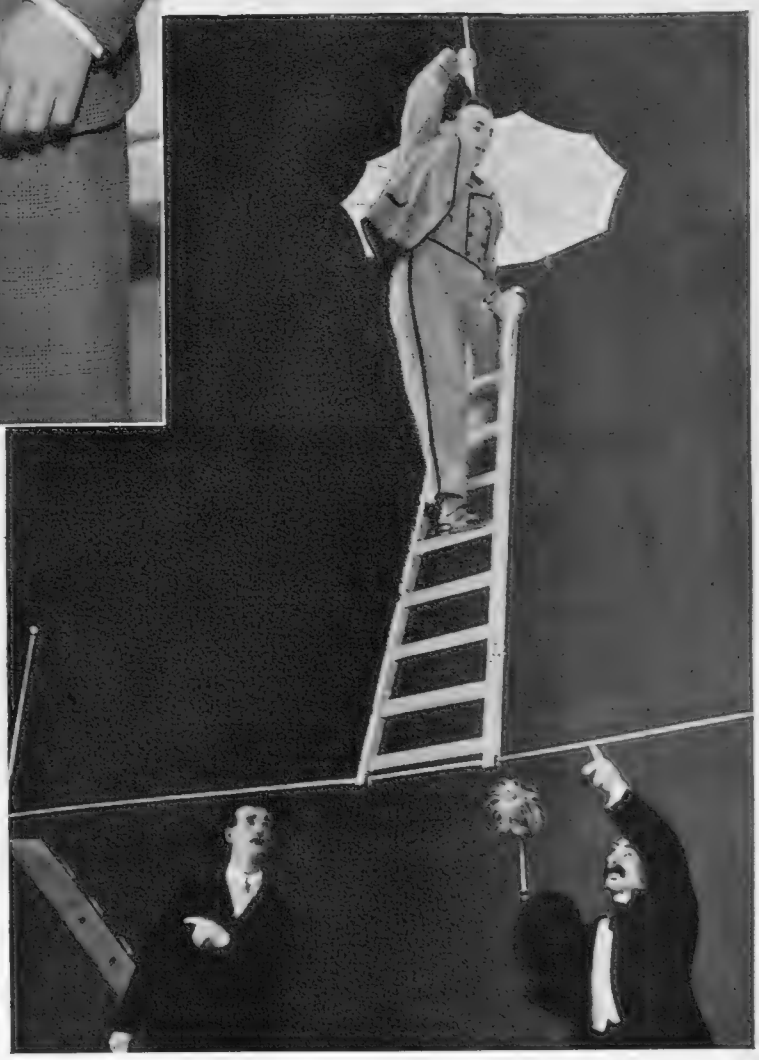
*One of "The Old Folks at Home"*

*Another picture from "The Old Folks at Home," at the Queen's Theatre, in which everyone will recognise Marie Tempest who, in the play, takes the part of Lady Jane Kingdom. She is saying to Lord Aldingham, over the telephone: "Last night? Oh, as usual, just the old folks at home"*



*"The Old Folks at Home"*

*A scene from H. M. Harwood's new comedy at the Queen's Theatre, which will be seen in London for the first time to-morrow, showing Margaret Rawlings as Liza Kingdom, and Ronald Ward as Steven Rains. The former is saying: "Here's your box," and the latter replies: "My God! What have you done with it?" What was kept in a box of that size and why the query the reader must be left to guess*



*"Here We Are Again!"—at Olympia*

*Bertram Mills has, as usual, been scouring the Continent for sensational turns for his annual Christmas Circus at Olympia, and above is one of them. It depicts the Lorandos, in their wire-walking act, which is a clever combination of thrills with humour*



*"Measure for Measure," at the Old Vic*

*Charles Laughton, who has raised Old Vic stock sky-high by starring on the Surrey side, seen above as he appears as Angelo in this Shakespearean comedy which even the Bard's admirers cannot claim as a masterpiece*

# Bystanders in "the House"

## *A Stock Exchange Note-Book*

### Chatter by "Junk"

### Caricatures by "Jonk"

CHRISTMAS EVE in the Stock Exchange has Crazy Month at the Palladium beat by some thousands of temporarily lunatic units of man-power. We hear that the big act of this year's pandemonium is being elaborately staged by one of the leading impresarios of House ragging. More of this after it has happened; in the meantime, we have organised a Christmas party and present-giving ourselves, and we 're going to talk about that now. The first thing we had to do was to find a compère, and, after a prolonged audition, attended by many "Fathers of the House," we have chosen Hector Morison to wear the red robe of Santa Claus. In honour of this wonderful veteran Scot, whose years number over fourscore and three, and who has been a member since 1886, the compère's official title this year is Grandfather Christmas; Mr. Morison has three grandsons in the House, as well as his three sons.

WE 'VE picked out one or two people to help Grandfather Christmas distribute the rare and costly gifts. Jonk insisted on putting himself in, because he wanted personally to present Norman Clegg with a replica of himself in the "Tins"—by Jove, what?—because so far Norman Clegg hasn't appeared on this page, although he 's a great favourite with House cartoonists. All we 've ever done for him was to tell the story of his going to the Agricultural Hall instead of the Isle of Wight for Cowes Regatta. Then there 's "Nellie," who found it difficult to decide who to give "her" offering to, so "she" has dedicated it to all those who have taken part in "her" triumphant passages through the House. "Roddy the Major" is giving his model to Harold Moore, who used to live in Kensington, but has moved to Sloane Square. "Tarzan" has a nice big lump of cliff for "Sticky"; his own present is coming by ship from the Canary Islands.

THE cabbage in the picture is for the buttonhole of the Squire of Harlington, Beds, as even his roses won't bloom all the year round. The portrait of Montagu Norman is a very special present for all the jobbers in the gilt-edged market. In the sack is another portrait, a glossy, life-size one of Gordon Richards "with all the luck of last season" for Lex Wilson. H. S. B. Greenfield gets a box of selected paper devices, mounted ready for use on hats. For Eddie Bellew there 's a pocket edition of Hans Andersen's fairy tales, bound in limp leather, with gilt edges. Cyril Potter has a hamper of good things, the best of them being a turkey in aspic, cunningly shaped like a yacht

THIS by no means exhausts the well-chosen gifts that Grandfather Christmas has in his sack. There 's a pair of white spats for the "Balmy Bart," because he always wears black ones; a set of waistcoats and cravats in striped bombazine for R. de Sola; an Elizabethan egg-cosy for "The Poached Egg"; a cigar-holder for Charles Montefiore. There 's a set of forks and a card-table embossed with transfers for R. S. V. Dyas, a packet of violet seeds and a frame for Herbert Hicks, a top-hat for Brian Gibbs, and he and Guy Puckle get an umbrella each, one incorporating a water-squirting machine, and the other with an automatic lighter in the ferrule.

AFTER everyone has got his present, the party proper is soon in full swing. Only here and there, through the sumptuous decorations of paper streamers and balloons, can glimpses be caught of the gay scene. Shaftesbury Walmisley and George David Wolf are playing leap-frog; George Tozer and "Dot" Cappel are repeating their famous boxing act, although "Dot" still finds it a struggle to concede twenty inches and a hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and equally hard to reach his opponent; and not far away, S. R. Davie gives a display of shadow-boxing. Undisturbed by this activity, Jonk is quietly painting pictures on a marking-board, occasionally being tripped over by one of the Trustees and Managers, who are playing hide and seek all round the House, with the Consol Bar as "home." Percy Weil is in charge of a patent tossing machine, a hoop-la competition is in progress on the floor, and the Government broker is waiting impatiently for the Governor of the Bank of England, whom he 's challenged to a game of darts with Stock Exchange pens. John Rossage is hurrying about giving away crackers and small, pink-iced cakes; Warwick Sanders is floating about on a magic carpet; Christopher Anstey is trying to attract the attention of "The Tiger," who is playing bears and kangaroos with John Glendyne.

LAST of all, before the bed-time rattle goes, a short entertainment is given. A ballet is performed by the Water-Sprinklers, to the music of Respigni's "Fountains of Rome," rendered by Major Karo's buglers; carols are sung by the Male Voice Choir, and the final chorus is "I Hear You Calling Me," sung by the Blue Button Boys, in full regalia.

# Idols in Wood: No. 11. Tudor Twins

*Henry VIII. as he appears in the film "The Private Life of Henry VIII.", at the Leicester Square Theatre, when portrayed by Charles Laughton, and Frank Vosper, as the same monarch, in "The Rose Without a Thorn," at the Duke of York's Theatre, are seen above caricatured by S. D. Banks. Standing about twenty inches high, these figures are carved and coloured by hand. The originals are for sale*

DILEMMA

A Problem Picture by Roger Furse

# A Racing Reverie

## A Christmas Party

## By "Regular"

A VERY happy Christmas to every one of you is the heartfelt wish of Uncle Regular. As I sit down to my Gargantuan feast at the Castle, I shall think of all you sitting down, equally determined to make beasts of yourselves, and ere you are assisted from the table I hope that one or two of you may raise your glasses and drink to your old Uncle, who loves you all so much.

IT makes me a little sad when I think of how scattered this great, big, happy racing family is this Christmas, and I sigh for a time when we can all be united under one roof. As I said to the Mem, only the other day, how lovely it would be to have you all to stay, though, I am afraid it would mean building another wing on to the Castle.

I SHOULD begin by inviting all the people who love me most, and my first invitation would go out to Lord Carnarvon, and if he is able to accept, the success of my party will be assured.

BY the very next post, however, I should send a very special invitation to the Kelletts. I can imagine them clapping their hands and fairly chortling with glee at the idea of spending Christmas with Uncle Regular. Uncle will have to choose them a special present from off the very top of the tree.

*Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Robinson at the Nottingham Steeplechase Meeting. Mrs. Gilbert Robinson is a well-known owner, both on the flat and under National Hunt Rules*

PRINCE ALY KHAN is another who couldn't think anything more fun than a party with Uncle Regular. There's nothing his Highness likes more than a joke about himself with Uncle, and I must have Michael Beary, to whom he is also devoted, and who, moreover, still believes in Father Christmas. It was just too bad of the other jockeys to tell him last year that it was Frank Butters who put those lovely things in his stocking.

*Below: Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Brown. Mr. Brown trains in Gloucestershire, is also an owner and used to be an amateur rider as well, but has not been able to ride in races since his accident at Stratford-on-Avon in 1923*

*The Nottingham Meeting*

THEN, of course, I must have Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, who dearly likes a good joke with the handicappers; so Messrs. Fawcett and Bulteel must be prepared for a truly uproarious Christmas.

I SHALL endeavour, of course, to put friends together at table, but really jolly people, like Major Weyland, are always an asset at a party, and on one occasion he didn't mind a bit when the jockeys pulled crackers right under his nose.

I MUST see to it that Major Beatty sits next to Gil Bennett, though I do hope they won't bid for one another's Christmas pudding. It was at the sale ring that Major Beatty first made the time-honoured joke—"D'you own Max?" and when Gil said "Yes," the Major replied "That Max no difference—two hundred guineas." How Gil laughed; the tears streamed down his face.

ANOTHER couple who simply must be together are Basil Briscoe and Sam Armstrong, but here again I shall have to put my foot down, as it would hardly be in keeping with the Yuletide spirit if they started bidding against one another for Rufus Beasley.

FRED DARLING and "Atty" Persse have been inseparable for so long that no one could be so heartless as to separate them at Christmas, while it would be very unlikely that Steve would elect to sit anywhere else than between the Baron de Tuyl and Frank Hartigan.

*Capt. J. B. Powell, who owns and trained Relation, the winner of the Colwick Steeplechase at Nottingham, and Mrs. D. D. Stewart, the wife of the G.R.*

STANLEY WOOTTON must, of course, be placed among the Majors and Captains who comprise the Racecourse Press. Stanley has already told us in a speech of his warm regard for these gentlemen, and theirs should be a very jolly corner, especially as Stanley was once a soldier himself.

I SUPPOSE Uncle would be accused of flying very high if he asked Members of the Jockey Club, but Lords Howard de Walden and Rosebery would be a very welcome couple, while I would be greatly honoured if, in the interest of old acquaintance, the Aga Khan would take the next mince-pie to Dick Dawson.

BIG bettors must be placed together, and as there will be plenty to go round, there will be no fear of them pinching each other's markets. I am very hopeful that we shall be able to get Miss Dorothy Paget up in time, while there is bound to be a lot of competition for the seats next to Mrs. Rank, and I know of more than one who will kick up Old Harry if they do not have the place of honour.

I HAVE had numerous applications to play the rôle of Father Christmas, and my final selection will be made from Lord Glanely, Mr. Tom Richards, Joe Childs and Johnny Dines.

I FEEL there might be some difficulty in getting Lord Glanely down the chimney. Mr. Richards, on the other hand, would require next to no make-up, but Childs and Dines, although eminently fitted for the job, would require a deal of titivating up before they were convincing.

LET us on this the greatest day of the year forgive and forget, and even if we find it impossible to forget, let us, at any rate, forgive—the bookmaker who laid us under the odds, and the backer who pinched our market; the jockey who should have won, and the trainer who was over-optimistic; the favourite who let us down, and even the journalist who wrote something we didn't like. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for on the morrow we—go to Kempton.

*Mr. Julian Raikes and Miss Mary Pearce-Serocold, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Eric Pearce-Serocold, and the Hon. Mrs. Serocold, and a cousin of Lord Stanley of Alderley, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, last week*

*Leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after their wedding: Mr. Charles Peel, 3rd The King's Own Hussars, and Miss Katharine Pretyman, daughter of the late Mr. E. G. Pretyman, of Orwell Park, Ipswich, and Lady Beatrice Pretyman, and a niece of the Earl of Bradford*

*Extension night at the Café de own self without one or two of the special character. Lady Bridget these; she was there on extension She is talking to Mrs. James*

# • Going • Out • to • Goings-On

## "The Bystander" in Society

WITH Christmas on the door-step, and a large number of carol singers there too (it is only in the best houses that they are asked into the drawing-room), I feel that the time has come to abandon that levity of spirit with which I am sometimes accused of treating the greater social functions of the day. So, with the wraith of Scrooge snapping in my ears, I wish all readers a very happy Christmas. For by the time you have read the next issue of this journal, Christmas will be over—thank goodness!

FROM St. Moritz I hear that an advance guard has already arrived in the person of Captain D'Arcy Rutherford, who is to be the Secretary of the Corviglia Ski-ing Club. He will protect the interests of our countrymen in all manners of outdoor sports, and will referee at the Thés Dansants at the Palace Hotel. Captain Cunningham Reid is taking out a large party, which includes Miss Eileen Brougham and Mr. Fordham Flower, and had his last shoot at Six-Mile Bottom on Saturday. Further bulletins will be issued later.

THE huge annual luncheon takes place on Thursday at Olympia, for the first performance of the circus, when Lord Lonsdale will be there and the City represented by the State visit of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, to the joy of small boys in Hammersmith. Champagne and cigars are provided, to the delight of a thousand guests invited by Mr. Bertram Mills.

MUFFLED to the ears, we watched the 'Varsity "Rugger" match at Twickenham, and saw Oxford win again—a feat nearly as regular as that of Cambridge in the Boat Race. Behind the stands before the match, strong pipe-smoking men, the backbones of Harlequins, Richmond, and Rosslyn Park, discussed the prospects, and renewed the discussion in the West End later in the evening.

ONE of the greater social functions of the week must be the performance at the Savoy of "Les Débutantes." So far, none of them have been engaged for any pantomimes, and after seeing their performance several theatrical managers complimented each other upon the efficiency of their chorus girls, a point they had not realised till seeing "Les Debs" in action. Miss Cecily Blunt got several cheers, the King and Queen of Denmark being especially interested. Possibly the best-named number was "Les Débutantes in a Fantastic Mood." It was unkind of my neighbour to suggest that they are rarely in anything else. But as they gave their fees to charity, and have had a vast amount of the publicity which they so shun, let us hand them out the bouquet of honest endeavour.

THE fact that the Ellesmere family admitted the public to Bridgewater House for a reception on Thursday night, in aid of charity caused much comment from those who remembered the famous "gate-crash" ball a few years ago. This ranks in historical importance with the Waterloo Ball, held in Brussels, a few more years ago. The presence of the Queen, upon whose advice the reception was given, was sufficient alone to ensure the success of the venture. And quite a number of people can now say: "When I was last at Bridgewater House . . ."

THE word "genius" is one that is grossly misused. Someone has only to have a sensitive adaptability in being able to please the public of the moment,

*Miss Brice Bellairs, Admiral Roger Bellairs' daughter, represented Black and White Whisky at the Calico Ball last week; she was the Chairman of the Amusements Committee*

Swaebe

*Paris would still hardly be its regulars who last year gave it its Poulett was certainly one of night last week, on the balcony. Seely, Mr. Charles Birkin's sister*

*Above: Lady Dufferin and Ava dancing with Mr. W. Steele, at the Young Conservatives' Union Ball,*

*Right, above: Lady Chamberlain and Miss Diane Chamberlain at the film gala which was held at the Phœnix Theatre in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital*

*Right: Mrs. Eustace Storey, the Hon. Mrs. George Borwick and Mr. Eustace Storey were also at the Phœnix on that occasion*

for a vast army of critics to launch forth into columns of eulogy. But last week there were two artists performing in London both of whom deserve the name of genius. One is Yehudi Menuhin, whose violin-playing filled the Albert Hall (unfortunately, his only concert this year), and the other is Elisabeth Bergner. Fortunately, "the Bergner" is still performing at the Apollo, and one can only implore the public to see her. In thirty years' time one will proudly say: "I saw Bergner . . ." just as old men mumble and say: "I heard Liszt play . . ."

Conchita Supervia, who is married to Mr. Ben Rubinstein, has been giving splendid song recitals at the Æolian Hall. She is, looks, and sings Spanish, and is about the only possible Carmen on this continent. Forward, Mr. Geoffrey Toye, and think of us at Covent Garden. Huberman's playing of the Beethoven Violin Concerto at the two performances of the Courtauld-Sargent concert was superb. He is a brilliant violinist, but never seems to have the personality on the concert platform to elicit tumultuous applause.

The Dockland Settlement did well out of the boxing show at the National Stadium Club. With Lord Westmorland as one of the prime movers (one should hear his comments upon a board meeting at Ciro's; they would nearly put John Tilley out of business), over sixty-two pounds was collected in notes, and at an auction a bottle of beer fetched two hundred and five guineas.

Lord Carnarvon is a great fashion leader for men. With Captain Tommy MacDougall and Sir "Jock" Jardine he gets a prize for his "mentions" at race meetings. He has now opened a hat shop in Berkeley Square.

The Talbot-Guest wedding was very quiet, owing to the tragedy of the death of Capt. James Rodney. All last week one heard nothing but sympathetic references to the fire at the McCormicks; they had recently been married, and were looking forward to a pleasant country existence at the Heronry.

The Wimborne wedding and Alanova's recital at the Savoy filled most of Thursday afternoon. There were some rather sleepy faces seen in Mayfair that day, owing to the revels of the night before at the Carlton. The high-spot of the evening, apart from the turning away of those who came improperly dressed, was provided by the hostess, Mrs. Claude Leigh, who led a fine set of Lancers. Those who can qualify in the next war for a commission in the Carlton Lancers include Captain Arthur Evans, the Cardiff M.P., Lord Carisbrooke, and Mr. "Jimmie" Rutland (no relation to the Duke).

Dressed up in the costumes of the "Naughty 'Nineties," as the party was termed, and with moustaches like Ouida Guardsmen, many Mayfair males looked pretty stupid. Most of us look bad enough in our own clothes, and, dressed in somebody else's, there are rarely hopes of improvement. Still, some of the women made a brave show. Lady Anne Hunloke and Mme. de Rougemont wore their dresses with an air; Mrs. Wellington Koo's head-dress was even more striking than her lovely embroidered coat; Mrs. Woolley Hart's ensemble—huge feathered hat and boa and sequin dress—was effective, though not very Victorian. Lady Charles Cavendish's bathing belle outfit was the best comic cut of the evening. Photographs of the party next week.

Captain Arthur Eliot should be pleased with the success of Punch's Club's second birthday, at the May Fair Hotel. We noted M. Dacio Moura at the head of a large table, which included Mrs. Colclough (off to Hollywood, presumably to act on the films), Lady Warrender, and Lord Brecknock. M. Moura, a good-looking young member of the Corps Diplomatique, is naturally in much demand as a guest. Mr. Frazier Jelke danced with Mrs. Harriman. Many will miss his generosity when he departs soon for America. The eight Cambridge boys who played in the band all wore their old 'Varsity's colours, in spite of the defeat at Twickenham in the afternoon. Such loyalty alone showed they were "jolly good sorts," apart from their proficiency as musicians.

**These Personalities in "Plasticine" of Royal**

Sportsmen are Modelled and Designed by Zec

# ROUNDABOUT

WINTER SPORT

*(1) Miss Stretton was out with the Rufford on the day they met at Sutton-on-Trent, when they had two good hunts, but did not kill their fox either time*

*(2) Another photograph at the Rufford meet at Sutton-on-Trent, of Lady Anne Cavendish - Bentinck, Lord Titchfield's daughter, and Mrs. Harold Peake, who was the Countess Resy de Baillel-Latour*

*(3) Lord Irwin, M.F.H., the Hon. Anne Wood, and Captain Laycock, moving off from the Middleton meet at Yapham. Lord Irwin had a bad fall over wire, but was not seriously hurt. The Middleton had a hunt of twenty-five miles, as hounds ran, in just under three hours*

PUNCH'S CLUB BIRTHDAY PARTY

Swaebe

*(4) Miss Henrietta Bingham, the daughter of the American Ambassador, is hunting regularly with the Bicester this season. She was photographed when she was out with the Oxford University Draghounds*

*(5) The Earl of Malmesbury and Sir Hugh Ripley outside a covert at Yattendon, Sir Spencer Maryon - Wilson's place in Berkshire, when snow showers and the bitter wind made shooting a pretty chilly amusement*

AN AMERICAN REGULAR WITH THE BICESTER

*When Punch's Club throws a party, as it does from time to time, all connoisseurs in party-going know that the moment has come for them to be at their spryest. And they are—and they were—at the Birthday Party that the Club held at the May Fair last week. (6) At one table were Mr. and Mrs. Algy Dawson, Mrs. Geoffrey Grindling, Mr. James Grindling, Mr. Geoffrey Grindling, Prince Sevelode, Mrs. P. Legge and Mrs. James Grindling. (7) Mr. E. G. Boulanger, Lady Seafield, Mr. W. Burton, the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, and Mrs. W. Burton were at another table. (8) Mrs. Nick Prinsep sat opposite Mrs. Beryl Mills, Mr. Dale Bourn, and Mrs. Philip le Gros. (9) Mr. Nick Prinsep, Miss Virginia Cherrill, who was Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in "City Lights," and Mr. Cary Grant, the film-star. (10) Sir Russell Wilkinson, Mrs. Kate Loder, Miss Eliot, and Sir Melville Ward. (11) Mr. Tony Wisard sat between Miss Eileen Ward and Lady Markham*

COLD GAME

# Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

*A Duel at Sandown Park*

*The only two entries, out of six, which took part in the Annual Handicap Hurdle Race at the recent meeting at Sandown Park. The winner, nearer the camera, is Mrs. B. Warner's Free Fare*

As I write, the M.C.C. team in India are going great guns. They 're doing much better, incidentally, than many of us thought they would. I rather imagined that the opposition would be stronger, but, so far, the Indians have produced no fast bowlers capable of taking advantage of some lively wickets. What 's more, Douglas Jardine, as usual, makes runs when they 're most needed. I think I 'd rather have Jardine on my side in a tight corner than any cricketer I know: ability, character and temperament combine to make him the ideal back-to-the-wall fighter.

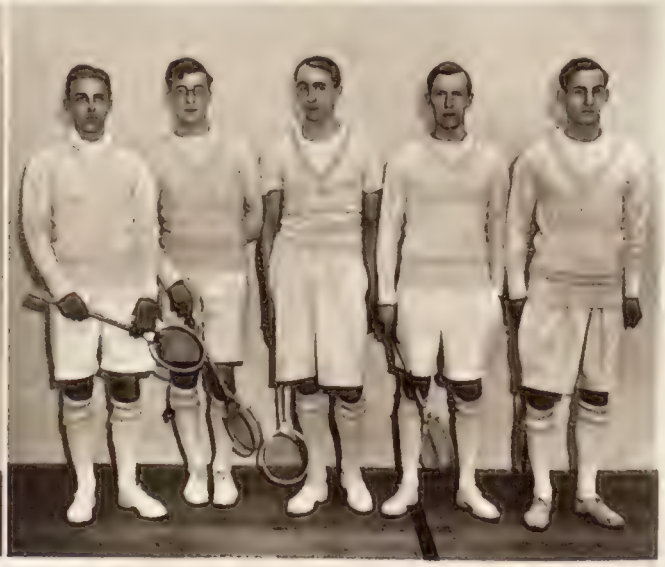
By the way, I 've received a souvenir programme of the M.C.C. visit to Patiala, and an amusing production it is. On the back there is a competition, for which is offered the prize of a cricket bat. And the first question has me beat. "What," it demands, "are the names of Jardine's Jolly Jokers?" Is this a playful, and possibly sarcastic, reference to the M.C.C. team? There 's another question which may puzzle you: "Which is the highest cricket ground in the world?" I can answer that one. An Indian ground, Chail, though how high it is I don't know. One more quotation from the Patiala programme—rather a significant one, I think—runs like this: "Wanted, two fast bowlers. Apply stating (1) Laming capacity; (2) Number of opponents compelled to retire hurt; (3) Number of opponents made to go to hospital injured. N.B.—Messrs. Larwood and Clark not to apply." There 's rather more than playfulness in that.

*Oxford Win Again*

*P. J. Albery and B. T. K. Watts, run to a standstill, who scored first and third places for Oxford in the Hare and Hounds Race against Cambridge at Horton Kirby, Kent*

Now, to come very much nearer home, how about Chelsea, whose doings in the Association football world have also ceased to be humorous? It is dispiriting

(Continued on page 596)



*Cambridge Win the Inter-Varsity Squash Racquets at the Bath Club*

*The Oxford Team: L. to R., C. J. Malim (Wellington), E. N. Evans (Haileybury), B. K. Burnett (Charterhouse), D. O. Wilson (Winchester), and R. Pulbrook (Harrow). Oxford lost by 2 to 3*

*The Cambridge Team, L. to R.: D. F. Hill (Haileybury), A. H. S. Reid (Wellington), J. A. Gillies (Winchester), O. C. Browning (Harrow), and J. M. F. Lightly (Harrow). The score is now 4 all*

From Generation to Generation —
Dewar's

"What *is* a Raspberry?"

*Women's Golf:* *By Eleanor E. Helme*

# Good Deeds and Good Lunching

DEAR BYSTANDER,

GOLF is a wonderful game. I make you a present of that profound platitude all for nothing, and it is not merely inspired by the more than wonderful efforts of the American professors to discover the universal formula for a perfect swing, and to make it compulsory—though, really, that does strike me as the most marvellous conception even that country of colossal ideas has ever given birth to.

No; what I was really thinking about is the hive of activity that the world of women's golf in this country has become. How we toil away, on the links and off them, always busy about something to do with the game, so that there is never a week without interest, one way and another. Time and again I think "There 'll be nothing whatever to write to BYSTANDER about this week," and then, lo, and behold! news crops up and I am left only wishing for more time and space into which to put it all.

For instance, the other day, a couple of Walton Heath golfers, waiting in the lounge of Jules' Hotel, heard a murmur as of bees over the sherry glasses in a corner, whence the words "Last nine holes," "Scratch score of the course," were wafted towards them. On further enquiry they found the glasses surrounded by a most cheery little party, who had forgathered, at the invitation of *Fairway and Hazard*, to present the Golfers' Cot Challenge Cup to its first holder, Miss J. Patience. I have rather a fear you do not know what this Cup is. Well, in the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children, in one of the poorest parts of East London—Shadwell, to be exact—there is a bed maintained yearly by £50—raised from amongst women golfers. (I don't suppose for an instant a contribution from a mere male would be refused, but he would not be eligible for this particular Cup.) Last spring, Mrs. Ormsby Cooke, who is the Hon. Sec. of Essex and of the South-Eastern Division of County Golf, gave a very beautiful silver challenge cup to be won by the player in any county meeting in that division who, having paid her sixpence to the Cot Fund, returned the lowest net score relative to the scratch score of the course played on. Nobody misses a sixpence. They rolled in—300 from Surrey, 271 from Kent, and so forth and so on—1578 sixpences all told, and there, with the outcome of various other activities, is the £50 for the Cot, and something over in the bank towards lean years, or, perhaps, some day, a second cot. Isn't that all splendid?

I DON'T know whether it was a pleasant glow of virtue at having done something worth while, or Miss H. V. Smith's hostess-ship, or the sight of the Cup and its replica in the middle of the table, or the excellent lunch, but it was, anyway, definitely one of the most pleasant parties I 've been at for a long time. There were no formal speeches; Miss Smith plaintively remarked that, please, she did want to make a speech, and Miss Joy Winn insisted that it was *she* who must make the speech, because it wasn't she who had first started golfers off on this cot quest, but *Fairway and Hazard*; Mrs. Ormsby Cooke was equally insistent that, though she may actually have bought the Cup, Miss Smith had done everything, and the only person who did not try to disclaim everything was Miss Patience, who simply could not deny that she had won the Cup—though even she attributed something to luck—because everybody knew her splendid figures: 82 — 15=67, round Romford, par 75. That was a score good enough even to have won a BYSTANDER monthly spoon, and we all know there is no higher praise than that possible of a medal score. All the same, she had tied with Miss L. Willan, of Sidcup, and Mrs. Rouquette, of Henley, but won by virtue of taking the last nine holes in no more than three over par. Good golf, that. Essex would seem to be lucky with this young player. For young she is, and hopes to have a try for our Girls' Championship next September, as that will be eight months before the date of the fateful nineteenth birthday.

IF the South-Eastern Division has been busy over its Golfers' Cot, so have the Yorkshire golfers on behalf of the Legless and Armless Soldiers. Miss Lockwood, of Sheffield and District, is always to the fore when there is good work to be done, and she and the other generous folk of the club have not only been busy themselves over a big sale of the lovely painted fabrics which are the amazing work done by these crippled men, but I hear they have got Miss Enid Wilson over to lend a hand.

Yorkshire have re-elected all the same officials for 1934, which means Mrs. W. F. C. Kitson is Captain and Mrs. Leach, who has just been made a life member of the Association, as some recognition of twelve years' devoted work as Hon. Sec. of the County, fills that onerous post again.

MORE bouquets, of the same imperishable genus, were presented at the annual meeting the other day of the Ladies' Legal Golf Association. Not only did they offer congratulations to Mrs. Rowand-Harker on winning the Sussex Championship, but Miss Dorothy Pearson was unanimously elected a life member for having won the English. Very delightful and suitable. Mrs. Noel Layton is to be the 1934 Captain. I suppose you do realise what the qualification for membership is? Well, this:

> Ladies who are, or are related either as Mother, Wife, Sister, to, or are in direct descent from, Judges, Barristers, Solicitors, Bar Students, and Articled Clerks.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

*Left: B. Hodson and Miss Paddy Mitchell (Chigwell), winners of the Mixed Foursomes of the Essex Professional Golfers' Union, and A. Tingey and Mrs. P. Cawston (Frinton-on-Sea)*

*Mixed Foursomes at Ilford*

*A. R. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. R. W. Scott and Stephen Smith. The matches were over twenty-seven holes, and were played under conditions which could hardly be called ideal*

*Further competitors in the Mixed Foursomes: S. Trapp and Miss K. Sutton waiting at the third tee*

# Music (and all That): By "Melos"

## What Beecham Has Done

*Left: Sir Henry Wood conducting the Manchester Unemployed Musicians' Orchestra, at a concert which was organised by the Lord Mayor of Manchester at the Free Trade Hall*

*Mme. Conchita Supervia, the Spanish contralto, who is giving the last of her series of four song recitals to-night at the Æolian Hall*

One of the Bright Young People of music was asking, during an interval at the Queen's Hall the other night, "Why doesn't somebody start to de-bunk Sir Thomas Beecham?"

I could have overlooked that without comment, as the utter silliness it is, were there not signs visible that attempted "de-bunking" is already in progress. It is carried on by people who manifestly do not know what they are writing and talking about. But there it is. It springs partly from a desire to be thought original and partly from the streak in some natures which compels them to assail an established idol. And musical folk are touchy and quarrelsome at the best of times.

Now Sir Thomas does not need me or anyone else to defend him. It can do no harm, however, to spend a moment or two in considering what he is and what he has done, though to do the latter would occupy several numbers of The Bystander. I have actually heard it said that Beecham is merely a showman with a flair, rather lazy, and decidedly unreliable. The truth is the exact reverse. He is a man with an all-absorbing passion for music, a demon for work—his memory is wonderful, but that habit of conducting without a score means study far into the small hours—and a man, too, whom only severe illness will prevent from turning up to conduct at any of the vast number of concerts he undertakes.

Indeed, I have known him conduct with a temperature which would have sent most men to bed, and to direct a heavy programme when agonising gout would hardly allow him to stand up. There is no pose in him. That comic strut and languid drawl are perfectly natural. He has too much sense of humour to pretend to be what he is not.

Beecham knows more about opera than anyone in England, and five and twenty years ago was spending a fortune in giving it to an unappreciative public. He has just polished a new orchestra, the London Philharmonic, into something as near perfection as human nature will allow; and I am not sure that an absolutely perfect orchestra would be altogether desirable.

As a conductor he is one of the finest in the world, with ability to make any music *live*, to get what he wants, and to carry his players along with him to share in his enthusiasm. Ask those players—men who earn their living in orchestras are pretty wise and a tough crew, for the most part—what they think of "Tommy." They can spot a dud in a moment, and I have never heard one adverse criticism from them.

"De-bunk" Beecham! What bunk! *What would music in this country do without him?*

After this non-Mendelssohnian Hymn of Praise, let me leave rhapsodies behind and jump on what I hope will soon be the corpse of mechanical music in theatres—in theatres, that is to say, where the play itself needs music.

I do not say that *Acropolis* failed because they potted Mr. Norman O'Neill's beautiful incidental work and made it either inaudible or unrecognisable. But that procedure caused such a storm of protests in influential quarters that it is unlikely to be repeated. Indeed, I hear of several theatres where mechanical contraptions are to be replaced by a small orchestra. The Haymarket did this some time ago. The mechanical fashion was stretching into dangerous directions. Last year, in a French provincial town, I heard an unfortunate opera company struggling to keep pace with an accompaniment provided by some sort of gramophone. For a time this was intensely funny. But the joke soon palled.

The Royal Choral Society, at the Albert Hall the other night, sang in Handel's *Messiah* in a way that would have gladdened the heart of Dr. Malcolm Sargent had he been able to hear them in his distant Swiss sanatorium. For it was Dr. Sargent who did so much to wake up and put on the alert that august and venerable body, who were nearing the stage when Royal Chloral Society would have been a more appropriate title.

They are now equal to the best of the North Country choirs, and even a little better. These choirs of Yorkshire and Lancashire have great volume and fine precision; but their tone is apt to be coarse. The R.C.S. are particularly strong in their basses, and the way the chorus "He trusted in God" opened brought a thrill that I can only compare with that I experienced when hearing for the first time those Russian basses in *Khovantchina*. Mr. Walter Widdop sang "Comfort Ye" and the Passion music—than which Handel never wrote anything lovelier—with beautiful smoothness.

A British song-writer of whom far too little is known is Roland Bocquet, and I am glad Mr. Parry Jones is giving a recital of his songs on January 8th. Only one of these, "June Roses," which is in the repertoire of another fine tenor, Mr. Hughes Macklin, is generally sung in England. Mr. Bocquet—yes, he is quite English—was born at Hull, but has lived a long time in Germany, where he was interned during the War. A society has actually been formed in Germany for the performance of his music, an honour he shares with only one other song-composer, Hugo Wolf.

# Debts to the U.S.A.

## Artists Who Entertain Us

*Mitchell. N.Y.*

### *At the Monseigneur*

*Ann Greenway, the clever American entertainer, whose singing in the Monseigneur Cabaret is one of the features of this entertainment*

*B. Pinchot*

### *Taking Every Part in a Play*

*Above: Cornelia Otis Skinner as a Dutch Tavern Wench in Scene II. in "The Loves of Charles II.," one of the dramas in which she takes every part. This clever actress is likely to visit London again in the near future*

*An Anglo-American Alliance*

*Sasha*

*Left: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, the celebrated actor and actress who are now in England and who will shortly appear under Gilbert Miller's management in "Reunion in Vienna." Their brilliant acting in "Caprice," at the St. James's Theatre in 1929, will be remembered by all who saw them. Lynn Fontanne is English by birth, but her theatrical home is New York. Lynn Fontanne is Mrs. Lunt*

*"The Bystander" Book Shelf*

# A Spot of Trouble in the Village

## By A. G. Macdonell

MR. JOSEPH CABOT has obviously gone to live in the country. That is the main news of the week. His last book was a town book. His new one, *Transit of a Demigod* (Hamilton; 7s. 6d.), is a study of village life that could only have been written by what one might call a "professional villager." Some of our English hamlets have a difficult and precarious time. For a thousand years they live a humble, unobtrusive, useful life, and then suddenly, one dark and sinister day, a gentleman from London buys a Tudor cottage, puts in central heating, electric light, and cesspool drainage, purchases a pen and a few writing-blocks at the general stores, and sits down to write a book about his new neighbours. Such a book, I think, is Mr. Cabot's. The theme of it is the arrival into Barfold, an age-old hamlet, of Sir Jervis Freeman. Sir Jervis is a wealthy financier who is holidaying in a caravan. His presence throws everyone, from Vicar to local Gossip, into a great flutter. They all invite him to various meals; to make a speech at the inaugural meeting of the local branch of the League of Nations Union; to do this, that, and the next thing. So that, in a couple of days, the whole village is upset, and full of even more jealousies, rumours, and intrigues than an ordinary English village ordinarily is.

At the end the financier packs up his motor-tent and steals away as silently as motor manufacturers allow the modern caravan to move across our macadamised deserts, and as he goes he reflects what a dead-and-alive hole Barfold is, and how impossible it would ever be to liven it up. Sir Jervis is supremely unconscious of the effect of his visit. But then, he is hardly to be blamed, for the writer of the publisher's "blurb" seems to be equally unconscious, and ascribes several devastating effects to the financier's visit which I, personally, was quite unable to detect, even though I broke Rule I. of the Charter of the Reviewers' Trade Union and read the whole book through twice. This feat of unparalleled hardihood and endurance was made possible by Mr. Cabot's charmingly fluent and easy style, and the obvious existence, underlying the whole book, of a capital sense of humour. The "jacket," by J. L. Carstairs, is quite one of the best I have ever seen.

THE lovely art of the epigram is sadly neglected in these discursive days. People who have time to churn out 400 pages are far too busy to chisel out four lines. Mr. Martin Armstrong is a notable recruit to the team of which Simonides is captain, and Mr. Belloc, Mr. Bentley, and Sir John Squire are members. *Fifty-four Conceits* (Secker; 5s.) is a collection of epigrams and epitaphs in the true vein of the eighteenth century. Hardly one is longer than four lines, and almost all the epitaphs, in the old tradition, play upon the profession of the deceased. The landlady is "lodged" in the grave; the postman prays to be "delivered"; the wine-lover comes to "port." And so on. This small volume is a beautiful work of art. It is illustrated by engravings by Eric Ravilious.

*Dorothy Wilding*

*James Wedgwood Drawbell*

*Author of "A Gallery of Women," published by William Collins, which includes sketches of such diverse personalities as Greta Garbo and Viscountess Rhondda*

IT was Mr. Alan Bott who discovered that the present generation is extremely interested, although it pretends very hard that it is not, in the doings, habits, clothes, and thoughts of its fathers and mothers. It is, therefore, appropriate that Mr. Bott should write the foreword to *Ourselves*, by Miss Irene Clephane (The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.). Miss Clephane has selected some 250 contemporary illustrations of life in England during the years 1900 and 1930. She begins with a photograph of the crowd cheering outside Baden-Powell's house when the news of the Relief of Mafeking arrived in London, and a more unfortunate example could hardly have been chosen. We associate the word "mafficking" with an unbridled display of mass enthusiasm, but Miss Clephane shows a handful of extremely well-behaved and orderly people standing about in bored attitudes and bowler hats. The opening words are equally unfortunate. "The eighteen-nineties slid relentlessly into the nineteen-hundreds." One gets the impression that there was something unusually sinister and vicious about the progress of Time at that period. But Miss Clephane improves notably as she goes on. She is avowedly concerned mainly with women's work and activities, social, industrial, and sporting, and she illustrates with grim effect the extraordinary and ironical change in the male attitude to female political aspirations. One year women are being man-handled in the streets and tortured in Holloway Gaol. Another year, not so long after, and men have made the discovery that women are rather good at nursing wounded, filling shells, and knitting socks, and—presto!—they are at once recognised as being fit to vote. Naturally enough, the development of flying plays a big part in this record of a sensational thirty years. From one point of view it is easy to see that this book has been compiled by a woman, for there is not a single reference in it to cricket. No man could have resisted the temptation to include a picture of the funeral of "W. G." On the other hand, it seems to me incomprehensible, if the feminine angle is to be definitely adopted, to include pictures of women playing hockey, croquet, and lacrosse, and not to include a picture of the woman who is admitted by all to be the greatest striker of a golf ball in the recorded history of that almost universal game.

"MURDER AMONG FRIENDS," by "Simon" (Wishart; 7s. 6d.), is a very queer book. I do not mean that the subject is queer. The subject is that supremely hackneyed one of the murder in the study of a country house. Those hardy veterans, the Guests who might have had a Motive, are there in force. There is the Cornish name (no crime-writer that I have ever come across has ever been guiltless of using a Tre-, Pol-, or Pen- some time in the course of an otherwise blameless career). There is the Scotland Yard man who happened by chance to be down in the neighbourhood and is called in at once by the locals. All that is as banal as anything ever written. And when you add, as "Simon" has unfortunately added, a remarkable ineptness in the use of the English language, you are apt to get a pretty fearful result. And yet, curiously enough, and this is what I mean by queer—in *Murder Among Friends* you do not get such a fearful result, after all. There is a very definite atmosphere of power about the last few chapters which redeems the book. By the time I had reached them I was prepared to fling the book at the cat, but that long-suffering animal was not called upon to dodge a missile before settling down on my mat to wash the back of his ears. He, like the book itself, was saved by the queer fascination of those last chapters.

# A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

## Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

LACQUERED satin with a thin stripe of gold running through it makes this decorative Cherult evening gown which falls in flowing lines to the feet and is looped up on one hip in classical manner

*Meerson*

# Hats are off

*Sasha*

MADAME ALANOVA, who gave a solo dance performance at the Savoy Theatre yesterday, manages to be as chic as she is talented. Here she is wearing the very minimum of a hat from Suzanne Talbot, consisting of a band of velvet and a stiffened black veil

THE very-far-off-the-forehead hat shown on the left is typical of the moment. It is a Marcel Rochas model carried out in black broadcloth and the turned-back brim is trimmed with a black bird of paradise

*Rockwell, Paris*

# Bond Street and Thereabouts . . .

## A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

by Madge Garland

I'M surprised that more capes have not been worn in London: when you think how romantically Vionnet makes them and how practically Molyneux makes them, and how we all like to be, if we can, both practical and romantic, it seems strange that more haven't appeared. Draughty, of course, for the winter, but if you're one of the lucky people who are going South, a cape would be perfect to slip on over a suit when the sun goes down—except when the mistral is blowing. Mrs. Brian Guinness is one of the few people I've seen wearing one. Hers is of brown tweed, worn over a matching brown suit, is three-quarter length, and has slits for the arms to go through. Fortnums have got one of this description, but they also look smart made of reversible Rodier woollens or of checked tweed. Studd and Millington make these to order from 8½ guineas.

Marjorie Castle wears a fur cape in the grand manner; she says it's made of rabbit, and I hate to doubt anyone clever enough to obtain one of the most lovely houses in Berkeley Square for her new business AND fill it with the most delicious clothes and accessories (she is one of the few people who have got those lovely diadems) . . . . It's brown, long, fits snugly over the shoulders and is worn with a matching muff and turban. Very prima donna.

DRESSIER ones include the short black wool one — it barely reaches the hips — which the Baroness Wildenkron wears. This has two wide bands of silver fox down the front edges which cross and button up close to the throat (about the only part of you it *would* keep warm), but is very chic.

More evening than day ones to be seen. Iris Ashley wears a bright strawberry-pink velvet one with long ends which cross in front and hang down the back. She also favours a diadem comb and looks charming in it. The Princess Caramon de Chimay wears the black velvet evening-wrap which was one of the loveliest things Vionnet showed in a lovely collection this winter. It slips on over the head, is straight across the chest and reaches in front only to the waist, but at the back sweeps to the ground. When I add that it's bordered with ermine, you will realise that it's one of THE evening wraps of the year. A suggestion of what it looks like is shown at the bottom of the page on the left.

STRIPES, like a lot of things we like a great deal less, are always with us. One of the smartest outfits for the Riviera would be a plain navy wool dress with a blue-and-white striped collar and a swinging, jaunty, three-quarter coat of the striped material. Mary Ellis has a costume like this, which she got at Stiebel's.

Stripes, however, have been promoted recently from sports to evening wear, and Angela Dudley Ward wears an evening gown which is entirely made of striped silk, the stripes being worked horizontally in order to form a triangle in the centre front. Queenie Leonard, when she sang at the opening night Chez Rex Evans, our newest and gayest boite de nuit (how deliciously pre-slump that sounds!), wore a hand-crocheted evening gown of black silk which had a sash and enormous Madame Butterfly bow of black and white striped taffeta.

Hand-knitted clothes are smart, but on no account should be home-made. I've seen the most perfectly-fitting and tailored coats and skirts and long coats entirely made of hand-knitted wool, but they were the work of an expert; no less a person than Vera Heller, whose designs for jumpers you've so often admired at Fortnum and Mason's. Suzanne Lenglen is a devotee of this hand-knit craze, and wears a turquoise blue two-piece knitted dress under a navy blue knitted coat which she got from Anny Blatt. She seems to have settled the hat problem by wearing a neat béret with an embroidered button in its centre. Just what fraternity (sorority?) this refers to I forgot to ask, and it's rather worrying me. Lili Damita also has a hand-knitted outfit, but hers is in grey with a plastron of yellow and has a yellow suède belt.

FINNIGAN'S have got a grand new spate of jumpers—the most attractive, to my mind, being a cashmere pull-over with a high, round neck bordered with powder-blue and a matching cardigan of brown with a woven band of pale blue around the shoulders ending in a point on either front yoke — looks as if a scarf had been thrown around the shoulders; most decorative, and can be had in lots of colour combinations. Sketch on left.

AN outfit which no traveller to the South or Switzerland should miss, or any week-ender in the country, for that matter, is a red-spotted navy blue foulard pair of pyjamas complete with short coat and envelope bag of the same material. The pyjamas have a blouse tied high at the throat, and wide legs, over which the short coat is perfection. This is to be found at Fortnum and Mason's.

OTHER finds this week are a new perfume (new to me, anyway and most delicious), Mury's Narcisse Bleu; and a new bracelet which is a miniature beauty box, contains mirror and two lipsticks (one for day and one for evening, or one for you and one for that inevitable friend who's lost hers?) provided your wrist is strong enough to bear it all. M. G.

# Moustaches!

## Which Hide the Lips, But Reveal the Soul!

*Charles Laughton, in "White Woman"*

*Below:* *Robertson Hare, in "Nice Goings On"*

*Cedric Hardwicke, in "The Late Christopher Bean"*

*Sydney Howard, in "Ladies' Night"*

THOUGH it may be disputed that moustaches are the mirror of the soul, yet they are indubitably a key to character. The "heavy cavalry" of Charles Laughton, for instance, as he appears in a Paramount Picture, "White Woman," is redolent of melodrama. That of Robertson Hare, in "Nice Goings On," with its slight droop, is indicative of indecision. Lupino Lane's in "Please," conjures up suburban respectability. Sydney Howard's "Harry Tater" which he assumes in "Ladies' Night," suggests unsuspected comicality, while that of Cedric Hardwicke in "The Late Christopher Bean" is in the true key of comedy, and recalls, correctly, the country practitioner

*Lupino Lane, in "Please!"* *John Everard*

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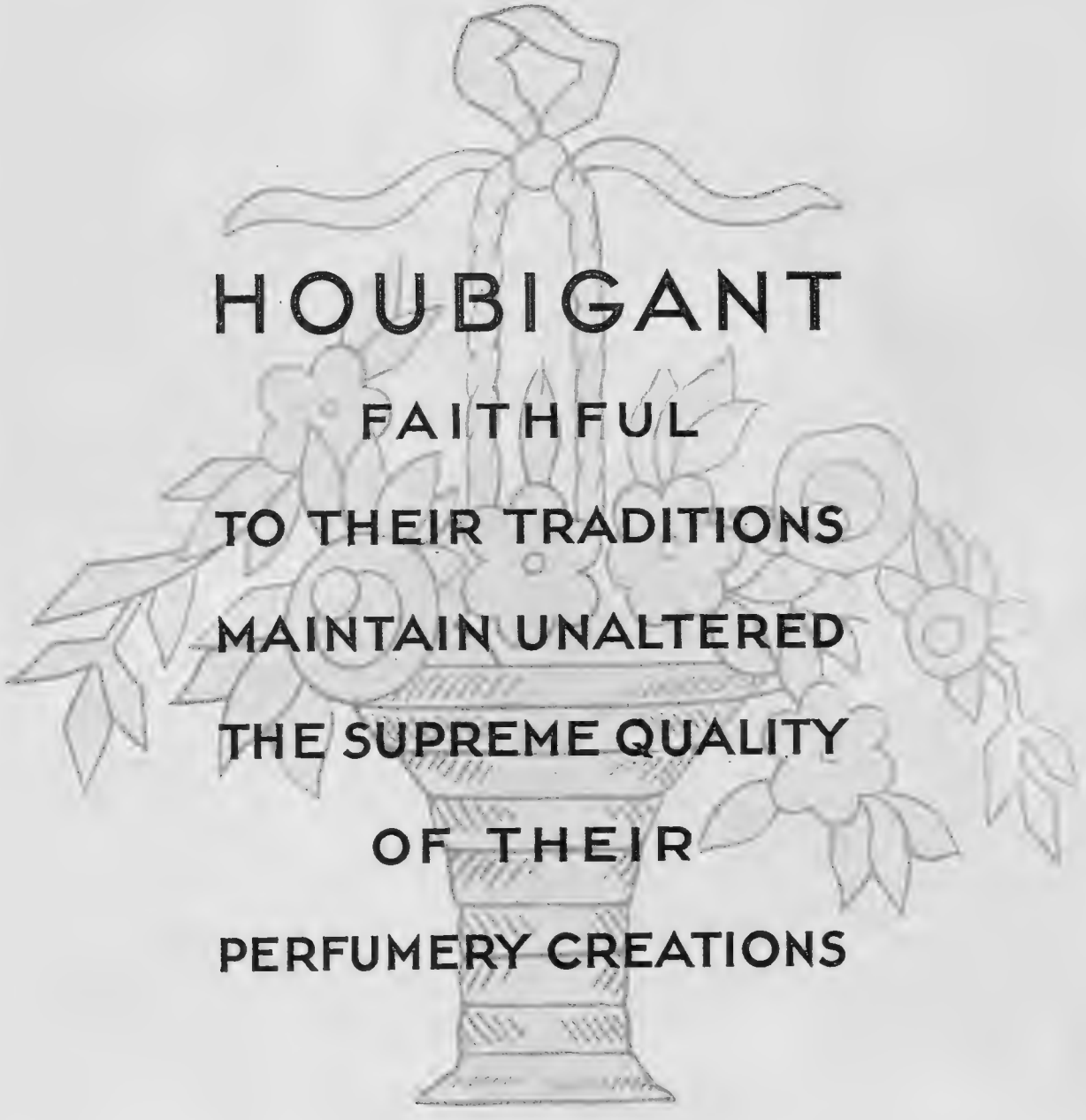

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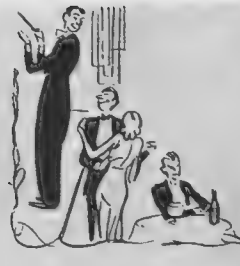

# LONDON NIGHTS

## Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

Compiled for "Bystander" Readers by Comyns Beaumont

CHRISTMAS is upon us, and London Nights are responding gallantly to the very heavy demands upon them. Ciro's, for instance, are packed out nowadays most evenings. Belted earls and film-stars struggle for tables, but Ferraro and Arri squeeze them in happily, even if the dance floor becomes beautifully less, which is a grief to Maurice Winnick's dance fans, for his is one of the few really good dance orchestras, although I wish he used more string and less brass. Ciro's are putting over good cabarets. Harry Tate is there at the moment; over Christmas week, Léon Rogée, the eccentric comedian, is the attraction, and on New Year's Eve, Grigitta and Anton Dolin return in new and extraordinary dances. There will be a novel Paris Cotillon, with favours, the most flirtatious dance in the world, and an extension to 2.30 a.m. Bookings are already heavy, and I advise intending members (subscription is £5 5s.) to apply to the secretary at once, and get the privilege of going on New Year's Eve. While on the subject of Ciro's, I should mention the grill and snack bar downstairs, with another comfortable cocktail lounge. You can get a Plat du Jour for 2s., and, once members tumble to the fact, it will be crowded out. On December 21st the Club holds its annual Children's Party, with Winnick's Band, Hank the Mule, a huge Christmas tree, and gifts for all, at 5s., all of which goes to the Great Ormonde Street Hospital for children. Grown-ups are also welcomed.

*Belfanti of Le Perroquet*

*and epicurean fame*

### *The Carlton*

I DINED the other night at the Carlton Hotel. Fashion is notoriously fickle, and for some strange reason its handsome restaurant is not patronised by rank and beauty as it should be. Pratesi, the manager, will serve you a dinner second to none; and Tapponier's Orchestra is really delightful to dance to. On Christmas Day there is a dinner-dance and cabaret, with the Western Brothers, souvenirs, and novelties, at a price of 25s. On New Year's Eve, a gala evening is promised, with the inimitable Douglas Byng, among other star attractions, the charge being two guineas only. Before long, under its enterprising new management, I foresee the Carlton coming back into its own as the most exquisite hotel-restaurant in town.

*Le Bon Viveur's Host, Davico*

*Mr. Emberson*

*"You want the best sherries? We have them!"*

### *The Dorchester*

MEANWHILE, the Dorchester Hotel is crowded nightly to see "Les Girls" in their new edition, and new frocks, but not too much of them. The vitality of these American (mainly) platinum-blonde beauties is amazing, and they have added duets, in the form of variations of "Big Bad Wolf," to their repertory, much to the joy of the young men. Nowhere is there more liveliness than in the glittering restaurant, where Jack Jackson and "Boys"—why is it that every dance band's musicians are labelled "boys"?—work with Herculean energy to keep up with the show, and, let me add, the patrons pattering round

*No prize is offered for spotting the Society stars on Ciro's dance floor*

*Sasha*

the new elevated dance floor. In the background, Cigolini, bland and wise, stands blinking at the proceedings. A new company of girls from the New York Paradise Club are coming here presently, in a new theatre dining restaurant, to be built downstairs, and perhaps Paul Whiteman's Band. On Christmas Day, dinner and cabaret is costing £2 2s., and on New Year's Eve the gala dinner, including gifts for the ladies, is going to cost swains three guineas. At any rate, there will be no dull moments, believe me.

*Pratesi*

*The Carlton's famous Maître d'Hotel*

***The Café de Paris***

MR. POULSEN, at the Café de Paris, keeps his expectant patrons happy at this most intimate of the bigger restaurants with popular favourites, who provide an added draw, if that were needed. At the present moment Gwen Farrar is making things hilarious, Anne Denys accompanying her. Just after Christmas, Ben Blue, who calls himself "The All-American Half-Wit," will prove undoubtedly an attraction, and I hear that Sophie Tucker is also going to be seen and heard there. With this live programme, the Café de Paris will certainly maintain its unique position in the world of sophisticated society.

***Quaglino's***

DINERS-OUT at the festival of good cheer will definitely keep the popular Chez Quaglino in mind. As all who appreciate the most perfect cuisine and service are aware, with the personal attention of Mr. Quaglino thrown in, he does not attempt to vie with expensive

## Dance Bands of the Day

### Reginald Foresythe, at the Café de la Paix

*Foresythe, a young man, who plays the piano delightfully in his orchestra of twelve, at the Café de la Paix, has composed music for both Paul Whiteman's band and Duke Ellington's, as well as for other famous orchestras in the States. He has one of the best dance bands in London to-day. Two attractive new numbers, now recorded, are "Serenade for a Wealthy Widow" and "Angry Jungle"*

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cabaret attractions. His policy is cuisine first and last, with Van Straten's excellent dance band and Gregori's tango band for those who appreciate perfect rhythm without the "hot stuff." On Christmas Day and Boxing Day a Gala Dinner-Dance is costing only a guinea; and on New Year's Day the charge for dinner is only 42s. 6d., or supper, 35s., with prices much lower in the Grill Parisien—which many people prefer to any other similar restaurant in town. It is advisable for those who wish to dine or sup at Chez Quaglino on New Year's Eve to book tables at once, as not many are left.

### *The Café de la Paix*

THE Café de la Paix, Swallow Street, under the direction of M. Bruni, is serving a Christmas Day gala dinner at 15s. 6d.; also, on Boxing Day, and on New Year's Eve, a grand gala, costing 25s., including in all cases gifts, favours, and surprises. Lovers of dancing cannot select a better dance orchestra than Reginald Foresythe's, and the dance-floor is first class. Downstairs, in the grill, Rex Evans has taken over at night at Chez Rex Evans, and is drawing all gay London. The other night I noticed Gertrude Lawrence, Joyce Carey, Iris Ashley, Princess Imeritinsky, and Frank Vosper, among others. Diners in the Café can go downstairs to Chez Rex Evans to see his entertainment if they wish.

### *The Ritz*

TO turn, for the moment, from dinners to luncheons, quite important in their way, and where they say big business is settled, I must not omit the Ritz, which is the magnet of the social world in the mid-day hours, whose presiding genius is, as all know, Aletto. But everybody does not know that the Ritz serves a very delicious theatre dinner at a modest price, and I may quote a menu prepared for me by Aletto the other day, as follows: Caviar or Natives; Tortue au Sherry; Turbotin poché, Sauce Mousseline, Pommes vapeur; Dindonneau aux Chipolatas, Céleris braisés, Salade Lovette; Cœur glacé Anisette, Poire Cardinal, Petits Fours; Café.

### *The Monseigneur*

SPEAKING of luncheons, I must not omit the Monseigneur. It is a friendly place, attractive to women, and you can choose from a long menu au choix at 5s., or à la carte. The Monseigneur owns its own private farm, with prize Frisian cattle, pigs and eggs, so you are sure of the best.

### *Le Perroquet*

THOSE seeking a quiet restaurant where the cuisine is the main concern, should visit the Perroquet, in Leicester Square, and try a few specialities of the house directed by Belfanti. I can fully recommend its Sole à la Richenberg, a dish originated in Germany, and Canard Sauvage à la presse.

### *The Bon Viveur*

IN Mayfair, in East Chapel Street, is the Bon Viveur Club, where Davico, the proprietor, and a great epicurean, can also serve an admirable dinner at a low cost. The subscription to the club is only two guineas, and you can dance until any hour. By the way, the Bon Viveur Club held their first birthday party at Grosvenor House, and not at the Dorchester, as stated in our last Restaurant Supplement.

### *Emberson's Bar*

BEFORE closing these remarks, to lovers of sherry I can recommend Emberson's Sherry Bar, at 43a, Curzon Street, leading into Shepherd's Market. Mr. Emberson, a Free Vintner, offers you a great selection of delicious sherries at modest prices. He has great ideas about sherry parties, and those about to entertain might do worse than drop in and get his views gratis.

# Famous Restaurateurs

## No. 3. Aletto

ALETTO is one of the outstanding managers in the restaurant world who minister to our epicurean wants. Florid, dark and curly-haired, he walks with the firmness of a restaurateur who knows the caprices of all his clientèle, and who is equally well aware when to humour or even when to reprove them. He started life in a small hotel in his sunny Italy, graduated—that is, I think, the word—via Aix les Bains, to Claridge's, Nice, the Hyde Park Hotel, and finally became head waiter at the Ritz, where, after some years, he opened the Grill Room, and then became the Manager of the Restaurant which, under his control, has become the luncheon rendezvous de luxe of London.

Try one day Aletto's own special cocktail, called "Yolanda." How it came about that the Princess Yolanda, the King of Italy's daughter, gave it her name is an intimate story which Aletto had better tell you. At any rate the Princess found the mixture so delicious that she adopted it.

Like all successful restaurateurs, he is a diplomatist. He never forgets a face, and usually commands the life story of his aristocratic patrons. Many secrets are in his keeping, but Aletto, suave, polite, and unobtrusive, sweeps the restaurant with an all-embracing smile. What he thinks of them is nobody's business.


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# "The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

## THE THEATRE

### Plays

ANGEL.—A Hungarian play which, in the Anglicised edition, becomes too artificial, but still provides a part into which Mary Newcombe can infuse the vitality and richness of her personality: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

CABBAGES AND KINGS.—Cyril Maude's cheerful humanity as the centre-piece of Forzano's gay and romantic comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Christmas Matinées, Dec. 26, 27, 28, 30, 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30, except Dec. 20-26.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly, but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30. Dec. 30, 2.30.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—Charles Laughton continues his Shakespearean career as Angelo, with a brilliant supporting cast: Old Vic, 8. Sat., 2.30.

ON THE ROCKS.—Bernard Shaw points his satiric finger at Downing Street; in the cast are Nicholas Hannen, Ellen Pollock and Lewis Casson: Winter Garden, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15. Boxing Day, 2.15.

PROSCENIUM.—Ivor Novello acts in his own play all about actors and actresses in more or less private life, with Fay Compton, Zena Dare, and Joan Barry: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30. Dec. 28, 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Boxing Day, 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed, Sat., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30. Dec. 26 and 28, 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Dec. 26 and 28, 2.30.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.—Cathleen Nesbitt and Aubrey Mather appear in Aldous Huxley's comedy: Playhouse, 8.15.

### With Music

BALL AT THE SAVOY.—Musical comedy on sumptuous lines, mostly imported: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Christmas Matinées, Dec. 26, 27, 28, 30, 2.30.

BEAU BRUMMEL.—Harry Welchman in a musical play, produced by Sir Nigel Playfair: Saville, from Dec. 22, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Dec. 26, 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Boxing Day, 2.30.

GIVE ME A RING.—A musical comedy that does just what you 'd expect, except that Will Fyffe and Flanagan and Allen give you an extra laugh: Hippodrome, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LILAC TIME.—With Helen Gilliland, Derek Oldham, and W. H. Berry: Alhambra, 8.15, from Dec. 23.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.—All the traditional charm, light-hearted romance and musicality of the Austrian Tyrol as a contrast for the sophistication and polish of Mary Ellis's delightful performance: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Boxing Day, 2.30.

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NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NYMPH ERRANT.—Gertrude Lawrence from start to finish; if you like her, you 'll like this. Cole Porter's music again, and a super-Cochran cast and setting: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Boxing Day, 2.30.

PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's perfect sense of humour and impudent mimicry framed in the light entertainment of Charlot's revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THAT 'S A PRETTY THING.—A musical farce about stolen necklaces, with George Gee untiring in humour and invention as the chief robber: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

### Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Boxing Day, 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Christmas Matinées, Dec. 26, 27, 28, 30, 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce without the usual flavour; even Sydney Howard finds his famous hands rather empty: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN WHO WAS FED UP.—Basil Foster in a comedy that has its laughs in the first two acts: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30, to Dec. 23.

A PRESENT FROM MARGATE.—Ian Hay and A. E. W. Mason's play, with Reginald Gardner, Eric Maturin, Joyce Bland, and Marda Vanne in the cast: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Boxing Day, 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Christmas Week, twice daily.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Kingsway, 8.40. Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.40.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK.—An American gangster play, with some ingenious double-plotting and a well-contrived escape; exciting enough for the unsophisticated: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—A new mystery play with a murder, by Anthony Armstrong and Harold Simpson: Embassy, from Dec. 26.

### Christmas Fare

ALF'S BUTTON.—Musical version: Kingsway, from Dec. 23.

ALICE AND THOMAS AND JANE: Westminster, from Dec. 20. Daily, 2.30, and some evenings.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—Duke of York's, from December 22nd. Matinées only.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Pantomime: Scala, from Dec. 26.

BUCKIE'S BEARS: Playhouse, from Dec. 26. Matinées only.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—First revival for three years: Gaiety, from Dec. 23. Twice daily, 2.30, 8.15.

CHILDREN'S REVUE.—Grafton Theatre.

DADDY LONG LEGS: Victoria Palace, from Dec. 26.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—With Victoria Hopper and Leslie French: Cambridge Theatre, from Dec. 26.

JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY.—The Reluctant Dragon, King John's Christmas, and some new mimes: Rudolf Steiner Hall, from Dec. 28. Matinées.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES.—Little Theatre.

PETER PAN.—With Jean Forbes Robertson as Peter: Palladium, from Dec. 23. Matinées only.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Pantomime: Lyceum, from Dec. 26 Twice daily, 2 and 7.30.

TOAD OF TOAD'S HALL: Royalty, Dec. 26. Matinée.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Reginald Bach as Pew, Malcolm Keen as Long John Silver: Comedy, from Dec. 23. Matinées only.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE: Wyndham's, from Dec. 21. Daily, 2.30, and some evenings.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD: Fortune, from Dec. 23. Twice daily.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, from Dec. 22. Twice daily.

## CINEMAS

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—An American film version based on Tenniell's illustrations of Lewis Carroll's book, with an all-star cast, headed by Charlotte Henry as Alice: Plaza and all Paramount theatres, from Dec. 22.

AUNT SALLY: Tivoli, from Dec. 26.

DICK TURPIN.—The highwayman's adventures make a good holiday film: Marble Arch Pavilion.

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVE.—Heads the special children's programme, which includes "Thy Servant the Horse," and a Dickensian fantasy: Cinema House.

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH.—An English film, all about the passengers in a bus accident: Tivoli, to Dec. 24.

I 'M NO ANGEL.—Mae West upholds Hollywood tradition by being hard-boiled and soft-hearted; "Santa's Workshop" is a new Silly Symphony: Carlton.

LADY FOR A DAY.—With May Robson and Warren William: Coliseum, from Dec. 23.

LA MATERNELLE.—Continues its run, with "Quartorze Juillet" in a double programme: Academy.

L'ORDONNANCE.—Another French film; Marcelle Chantal is the star: Rialto.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton and a cavalcade of Queens, under Alexander Korda's direction, produce a great English picture: Leicester Square.

RED WAGON.—Raquel Torres, Greta Nissen and Charles Bickford in the film version of Eleanor Smith's circus-life novel: Regal.

TURKEY TIME.—Another Tom Walls—Ralph Lynn farce filmed: Capitol.

## CIRCUSES

INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS.—Bertram Mills's great annual feature: Olympia, from Dec. 21.

CIRCUS AND WORLD'S FAIR: Agricultural Hall, from Dec. 23.

GRAND CONTINENTAL CIRCUS: Crystal Palace, from Dec. 26.

## DANCING

### In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—"Hutch" (Leslie Hutchinson) sings and plays; Lew Stone's band; special extension night, Boxing Day.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Gwen Farrar entertains, and, at the piano, Anne de Nys; Billy Gerhardi and his band; special extension night, Boxing Day.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Seversky, the Singing Pilot, is the attraction here; Van Straten's band plays for dancing; extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" (New York Midnight Follies), plus some new beauties over from New York, are as dazzling as ever; Jack Jackson's band.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng back at one of his old haunts, from Boxing Day; Jack Harris makes the dance music; extension night, Friday.

PICCADILLY.—Wilfred Worden, the fifteen-year-old musical genius, Lucienne and Ashour, adagio dancers, Flack and Lucas, a pair of comedy dancers, make up the entertainment; extension night, Friday.

## SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries, to Dec. 23.

# F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

## The Limitation of Clubs

*Worplesdon Worthies*

*Left: W. L. Hartley and Major Hind (Secretary, Worplesdon Golf Club). Right: B. J. T. Bosanquet, the International cricketer and inventor of the "googly," and Captain A. C. Giles*

I SEE in the *Sketch* that Sir Guy Campbell has accepted my friendly challenge to an argument on the subject of the limitation of clubs.

Perhaps it will be as well here to remind my readers that I disagree with any limitation in the number of clubs which a player may take round with him. For two reasons. The first, that such legislation would penalise the rabbit rather than the tiger; and the second, that it would interfere with the liberty of the golfer.

Straight away I must apologise to Guy for having misunderstood his original suggestions. I thought that he wanted the number of clubs permitted to a player to be reduced far more drastically than, in fact, he does. In brief, and in his own words, these are his proposals: that there should be a limit to ten clubs for Championships and all competitions played under Championship conditions, the choice of those ten clubs being left to the personal preference of the individual. In these circumstances I must immediately concede my first point to Guy, for it obviously does not apply if the rabbit may use as many clubs as he likes for ordinary Club events. As far as I can see Guy Campbell does not suggest that in Club Medals, and so on, anyone should be limited: certainly not in any handicap event, which clearly is not a competition played under Championship conditions. Therefore, the rabbit would in no way be affected, unless, as Guy says, he were suddenly possessed of an urge to become a tiger.

BUT on the point of the liberty of the subject I still do not see that Guy Campbell has cleared up the situation at all. I am perfectly prepared to admit that the tiger should be tested fairly, but adequately. As Guy Campbell says, he is presumed to possess, in addition to power and accuracy, a wide knowledge of shots. From him the world of golf rightly expects to see the game presented in the best and fullest manner still possible. But Guy Campbell submits that, limited to ten clubs, the tiger would be called upon to show a reasonable knowledge of power, accuracy and shot-making without in any way being over-curtailed in the matter of implements. My whole point is that anything which is curtailing anything to anybody is almost certainly wrong in a game. Guy Campbell says that there is a deal of difference between liberty and licence, and that he is the last person to seek interference with the liberty of the subject, but that, to him, more than ten clubs spells licence in capital letters.

Why? I am simply incapable of seeing his argument here. Why on earth should eleven, twelve, or even thirteen clubs spell licence? I have known a player carry the normal number of clubs, but no less than three putters: I have known several players to carry two niblicks and two putters (although the connection between the two has always proved beyond my comprehension). Now, I am suggesting that this doubling of clubs may very likely cause the number which they carry to be banned, should Guy Campbell's limitation become law. And I am very forcibly suggesting that the fact of a player being unable to carry these extra clubs may take from him a great deal of the pleasure of the game. If that isn't interfering with his liberty, what is? And why is he licentious?

GUY goes on to make a special plea for caddies. He says that as long as his employer is licensed to use an unlimited number of clubs, the caddie's liberty—as an employé—is very definitely affected. Here again I do not agree with him, because I have noticed that most caddies will, where the choice is open to them, choose to carry the bag which is the largest—within reason, of course—as there is thus a far greater chance of their getting a larger tip. Most people who carry a large number of clubs are, I think, perfectly prepared to pay a little more for them. Anyway, this appears to be the view of the caddie. But, personally, I do not think that the caddie requires very special consideration. He is very well paid—in clubs round and about London vastly over-paid—and it seems to me that he has very little grumble, in any case. As for Guy's remaining point—that of the man who carries his own clubs—well, all I can say is this, that most people who carry their own clubs will certainly carry more if the better times return and they can employ a caddie.

IN my original article I said that our fathers were generally better golfers than we are to-day, and I gave as my reason that it is more easy to play with a large modern set of matched clubs than with the few specimens which they used. Guy tells me that he cannot agree with me on this point. He says that our fathers were better players because they were masters of a few clubs, and good ones at that, rather than jacks of many. We appear, therefore, to have very little disagreement on this point, for we both agree that our fathers *were* better players. But I say that, with the opportunities and with the number of clubs which he carries at the present day, the golfer of the moment has the game made very much more easy for him, and he therefore should be better at the game than were our fathers. Furthermore, I think there is a better general standard amongst golfers of to-day, entirely owing, I maintain, to the fact that golf is easier with more clubs, just as much as with better balls, better greens, and better cared-for golf-courses—which only serves to stress how much more capable were the first-class golfers of yesterday than those of to-day.

IN his final paragraph Guy Campbell challenges me to a match. He suggests that we should play thirty-six holes at Woking: he to play with five clubs and to carry them himself: I to have as many clubs of whatever legalised form and make I choose, with a minimum equal to Joyce Wethered's latest matched set. He says that I must use these during the match, honestly, according to present-day practice, but I must employ a reasonable number of caddies to carry the clubs I take out, and that I must give him the full difference between our respective St. Andrews handicaps at the last meeting, with an additional stroke for every two clubs over five up to the minimum, inclusive.

Really, Guy!

I should be delighted to have a day in the country with you at any time. I do feel I should point out first that as we both live near Pulborough, why make the journey to Woking? Secondly, that my normal bag of clubs numbers twelve, that I have never yet found a caddie to consider them excessive, and so I do not propose to employ more than one. And thirdly, that this will prove nothing with regard to the point that I made at the conclusion of my own article. But I should love to have that day at Pulborough; so if Guy Campbell will drop me a line, giving me a few alternative dates, I will quickly close with him.

# Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

## Outstanding Players

THIS is the off-season, so to speak, in the Rugby football world. We've finished with the first batch of important games—trials and the 'Varsity match—and now we're just looking forward to the final Rugby Union trial at Twickenham, early in January.

If I had to name the outstanding player of the year I think it would be H. G. Owen-Smith, the Oxford full-back. We don't give sufficient attention nowadays to full-back play. It is enough for some of us if a full-back catches and kicks and tackles adequately, but these virtues, though they are essential, do not form the great full-back's complete equipment. Even more important is his positioning, and here again I am not thinking only of his ability to field the sudden punt ahead.

What does positioning imply? First of all, it implies a kind of negative defence. Suppose, for example, that a centre has broken through, and is running straight for the full-back, who waits for him some ten yards from touch and twenty yards out. Is the full-back merely to wait and hope that he will tackle his man? Not a bit of it. He has to note the position of other players; it may even be necessary for him to swing towards the touch-line and apparently be sold the dummy or caught on the wrong foot, in order to persuade the centre to swerve inwards, where defenders, coming swiftly across, will deal with him. No glory for the full-back in this, but the satisfaction of a job well done.

This is the point, then—a full-back, by his positioning, must dictate the direction of attack. He can force it into the open, or he may shepherd it to the touch-line, but the one thing he may not do is to wait tamely for the opposition to run round him.

LET us suppose, again, that a wing three-quarter—J. C. Gibbs, for example—scores many tries by punting ahead and following up. How is the full-back to deal with this awkward form of attack? By combination with his own wing three-quarter. Let the full-back force Gibbs to kick, and let the wing leave Gibbs alone, and sprint back either to touch down or secure the ball, and the danger is averted. Even if Gibbs does not kick, but beats the full-back, the wing is in reserve to tackle him.

Incidentally, there may be some among my readers who will remember the combination between C. N. Lowe and B. S. Cumberlege in the 1920 Calcutta Cup match. G. B. Crole was on the wing for Scotland, and he was an arch-exponent of the punt ahead. Three times he dropped the ball over Cumberlege's head; three times the crowd gasped or roared, according to its nationality; three times Lowe was there, by arrangement, to nullify Crole's strategy. And to my mind the full-back who works so closely with his wing deserves a great deal of credit.

Owen-Smith is such a player: his positional tactics are worth close study. And what other players have rung the bell, so to speak, during the first half of the season? Well, C. Webb, for one, a forward who is going great guns this year, and is at present the outstanding second-row man in England.

P. HORDERN, of Oxford and Gloucester, is another forward who has touched the heights, and H. R. Fry, the Liverpool back-row player, has proved that his form last winter was no flash in the pan.

Among scrum-halves B. C. Gadney stands supreme, though A. Key is, in some ways, length and speed of pass especially, more nearly the counterpart of C. A. Kershaw. Stand-off half we will leave for the moment: the competition is fierce, and the quality uncertain. In the centre we have A. L. Novis, and they say that J. A. Tallent, who returned to the game ten days ago, is going to chase some of the candidates for a place in the England team very hard. Then there is P. Cranmer, the Oxford freshman, who has set the critics talking, and on the wing A. L. Warr has revived memories of the days when wing three-quarters were to be seen really running for the line. I particularly like the look of Warr, I must say, and his chances of an English cap must surely be rosy.

I suppose K. C. Kinnersley, at full-back, must be mentioned, and in other countries there are players to note.

C. W. Jones, for example, the Cambridge stand-off half—there is a snip for Wales—W. C. Murdoch, the Hillhead High School F. P.'s stand-off—will Scotland prefer him to K. L. T. Jackson? Ireland, as yet, has not made any startling discoveries, but this has been a sufficiently encouraging season.

*The Oxford "Rugger" Fifteen*

*Standing, L. to R.: G. R. Rees-Jones, E. L. Phillips, P. Cranmer, E. G. S. Mather, M. O. Wray, J. H. Pienaar, R. C. S. Low, J. W. McShane. Sitting: A. L. Warr, M. F. Peacock, K. L. T. Jackson, H. D. B. Lorraine (Captain), E. S. Nicholson (Hon. Sec.), H. G. Owen-Smith, and K. C. Burrow*

*The Cambridge "Rugger" Fifteen*

*Standing, L. to R.: C. D. Laborde, J. M. Griffith, J. H. Bowman, A. M. Rees, W. Wooller, R. C. S. Dick, R. O. Murray, C. W. Jones. Sitting: J. E. Bowcott, W. G. S. Johnston, W. J. Leatner (Hon. Sec.), R. B. Jones (Captain), K. C. Fyfe, G. W. Parker, and J. R. C. Lord*

# Have You a Landing-Ground Handy?

By Capt. C. E. Ward

***Wanted—More Airports***

THE PRINCE OF WALES made the best speech at the Airports Conference held at the Mansion House recently. He is a pilot and private owner of very wide experience, and therefore can speak with feeling on the lack of airports, which state of affairs is hampering the development of travel and trade by air in this country. There are only sixteen municipal aerodromes which conform to modern requirements, and fifty-one towns with more than 50,000 inhabitants have no aerodromes of any kind. To borrow a phrase from Sir Alan Cobham's speech at Lord Wakefield's banquet, which followed the Conference, "until it is possible to fly from anywhere to anywhere, the municipal aerodrome movement must be regarded as a failure." Business men, as a whole, will not make air travel a habit until most places are on the air map, and, consequently, such aerodromes as do exist cannot expect a good return on the investment for some time.

*Right: combining business with pleasure—Miss Joy Muntz in the pilot's seat of a Fox Moth with Mr. Davison, her fiancé, a well-known aerial photographer, who was a founder-member of the Liverpool Aero Club. Miss Muntz is a commercial pilot and engineer*

*Left: in the news—from left to right, the Master of Sempill, who is returning from America after recovering from his recent accident; Lord Grimthorpe, Chairman of Airspeed; and Captain Worrall, the pilot-manager of the Yorkshire Club, the most successful in the N.F.S. group*

***A Pertinent Question for 1934***

THE London Chamber of Commerce and the Royal Aeronautical Society organised this function, which was intended primarily to interest the municipal authorities, and Lord Wakefield, with his usual generosity, was the host of the evening party. There were a number of excellent speeches, and the assembly had the benefit of a brochure drawn up by the A.A., putting the case for action and pointing the way to the progressive development of aerodrome sites. A landing-ground is quite sufficient to attract aircraft, but it must be capable of expansion to cater for an increase in traffic. The A.A. has done invaluable work through its Register of Landing-Grounds, each of which has been chosen by one of its flying officials and is inspected monthly. The Old Etonian Flying Club started a similar scheme on a modified scale, and there seems room for an indefinite extension of the idea that clubs interested in air travel should persuade anyone with land available to have it inspected and, if possible, licensed for flying. The question for 1934 should be: "Have you a landing-ground handy?"

***High Speed by Airspeed***

I was present at an interesting demonstration of Airspeed "Couriers" at Hanworth last week, when the original model, with a Lynx, was flown against the latest type with a Cheetah, also an Armstrong-Siddeley engine. The additional sixty horses in the Cheetah give the machine a top speed of 172 miles an hour, which means cruising with six up and luggage for more than 600 miles at a comfortable air speed of 145, fast enough to make Berlin non-stop in a little over four hours. The "Courier," one of which has been bought by Sir Alan Cobham for refuelling experiments and a flight to Australia with Squadron-Leader Helmore, is the first British machine to be fitted with a retractable under-carriage—a refinement which is quite common in the States, in order to obtain a higher cruising speed without sacrificing too much pay-load. The sale of Airspeed products in this country is being handled by the Aircraft Exchange and Mart, the moving spirit in which is one "Bones" Brady, late R.A.F., and since qualified as a go-getter of the first order. I saw Lord Ronaldshay at the demonstration, his interest being that of managing director to R. K. Dundas, of Bombay, the firm which has taken the concession for India. He is a nephew of Lord Grimthorpe, the chairman of the Airspeed Company, and having been an A.D.C. in India for some years, has the entrée which should place the "Courier" well ahead of foreign competitors in that country. Incidentally, three of the Lynx model are being shipped to the Argentine for an air service between Buenos Aires, the capital, and Mar del Plata, a popular seaside resort.

***Light 'Plane Notes of the Month***

LAST week I referred to the top speed of the Cabin Hawk as 130, whereas on test I find it does 140 all out, with a cruising speed of 125, and lands at 42. The view from the pilot's seat—and from the passenger's seat, for that matter—is exceptionally good, which is an important selling-point. The British Klemm Company, which is established at Hanworth in some of the buildings that formed part of the wartime factory, is concentrating on the "Swallow" model, which has a Salmson or Pobjoy engine, according to the performance required. The former is to be sold for £675 and the faster of the two for £695, in each case complete with dual control and the usual gadgets. The "Eagle" from the same firm will be a three-seater cabin job with a retractable under-carriage, and is expected to be on sale in the early Spring. Prices are £1150 for the model with a Gipsy Major and £1300 for that powered by the Napier Javelin, Mark II, which gives the machine a top speed of 160 miles an hour. Talking of the "Klemm" reminds me that I omitted from a recent review of Klemm owner-pilots, Mr. "Tony" Gibbons, who has flown that type for more than 800 hours—a record which cannot have been exceeded by many. He was the victim of a particularly stupid attack from the Bench over a matter of shooting duck from his Klemm when flying over a deserted estuary somewhere in Wales. True, it is against the law to draw and use a gun in the air, but there was no danger to anyone except the pilot and his passenger, and, I should have thought, little danger to the duck also, though in actual fact fifteen per cent. of hits were recorded without holing either the 'plane or the propeller, which is pretty good shooting. The London Club, which flies at Hatfield on Moths, put in nearly 200 hours in the air during November. Clay pigeon-shooting has been added to the ground sports available, with an instructor for those who wouldn't recognise such a bird if they saw one.

*It is an easy matter for the driver to slip in and out. All doors are of useful width, and the controls are central, with the hand-brake actually between the two bucket seats*

*The back seat accommodation is in no way restricted. Head-room is ample, and the passengers can stretch their legs. The central arm-rest is an asset*

*The instruments are compactly fitted, leaving space for no less than three cubby-holes of various sizes. The ingenious screen-opening mechanism can be operated with one hand*

# Cars with a Personality

## *The 12-h.p. Rover*

### By The Earl of Cardigan

*There is nothing of the small car about the 12-h.p. Rover. The chassis is certainly not over-bodied, yet the coachwork provides ample space and comfort*

In testing 1934 cars of various sizes and powers, I am continually being struck by the immense improvement which is being made in and around the 12-h.p. class. I do not mean to imply that progress is lacking among the larger or smaller models. It is a fact, however, that it is generally nowadays a "Twelve" which induces me, in writing this page, to draw most heavily upon my stock of superlatives.

If this is true of "Twelves" in general, it is certainly true of the 12-h.p. Rover. Here is a car which, to put the matter in a nutshell, does practically everything which, a year or so ago, one was accustomed to expect from a car of 14 or even 16 h.p. It is, in the first place, of very substantial size. The saloon model, which in no way appears to be over-bodied, provides ample head-room and leg-room, both in front and at the back, so that four large people can sit in it with unrestricted comfort.

Then, again, the four-cylinder engine gives an extraordinary imitation of six-cylinder performance. I would not mind betting that, if an unscrupulous Rover salesman were to describe this model as a "Light Six," he could sell it as such to any non-expert client who omitted to look underneath the bonnet! I presume that the flexible mounting of the engine is partly responsible, but there is no possible fault to be found as regards smoothness of running.

For sheer speed, this Rover certainly does more than any average 12 h.p. motorist will require. Its comfortable maximum is 35 m.p.h. in second, 50 m.p.h. in third, and something between 65 and 70 m.p.h. in top gear. Owing to fog, I did not verify the latter figures, but I did reach the third-gear 50 m.p.h., and that without any fuss or difficulty. Acceleration was rapid throughout this range of speed, and the car gave evidence of a capacity for putting up first-rate averages.

The gear-box interested me, for, with a free-wheel, it was naturally of the fully fool-proof variety. I made a point, however, of also testing it with the transmission "fixed," and soon found that, without any aid, gear-changing remained exceptionally easy. Second, third and top gears all proved silent, and none of these three presented the slightest difficulty in engagement. In other words, I discovered that the free-wheel only served to simplify a gear-changing process which was already simple.

This "Twelve" sits down well on the road, and the springing is assisted by a "harmonic stabiliser" incorporated in the front bumper. The latter is an innovation which should be of value, since it is calculated to prevent anything in the nature of "wheel patter"—a disagreeable but not unknown phenomenon.

The steering is pleasant, and the car is well braked, having mechanically operated four-wheel brakes which gives ample power while avoiding any undue abruptness. The price of the complete car is £268—not a minimum figure according to present standards, but one which must be regarded as distinctly low when account is taken of the new Rover's genuine comfort and irreproachable performance.

*A novel jacking system. The base of the jack is hanging several inches above the ground, the head being held securely in a special slot. As the jack is unwound it is bound to take a perfectly firm stance*

# Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 576)*

indeed to see this famous club failing so woefully Saturday after Saturday, and it becomes worse when the team play such entirely lack-lustre football. This lack of confidence and spirit suggests that something is very wrong, but the directors are not taking it lying down. They 're trying desperately to find some solution, but unless there 's some drastic change Chelsea will be relegated to the Second Division. They need new players, there 's no doubt of that, and they need a fresh team spirit to put punch into their football.

DID you, by any chance, watch F. D. Amr Bey winning the Amateur Squash Championship ? And if you did, have you ever seen more effortless mastery over a ball game ? Amr Bey was up against some excellent players, but however good their strokes might be he was always able to pull one better out of the bag. His placing was uncanny, and the way he caught his opponents on the wrong foot time after time became almost ludicrous. Amr Bey as a squash player ranks with Walter Lindrum at billiards : both of them have a supreme delicacy of touch which puts them a class above their rivals. It is a little difficult to make comparison with other games : delicacy of touch operates in squash and billiards more, I think, than at any other pastime. Hammond and Bradman, for example, are great batsmen, but Amr Bey's skill at squash rackets ranks more with Ranji's wizardry at cricket.

ANOTHER sporting event worth watching was the 'Varsity cross-country race, though this year it was perishing cold for the spectators, and I don't wonder that the runners lopped ten seconds off the normal time for the first lap. Nor was it surprising that P. J. Albery broke the record for the course. He was hard pressed, and the conditions were ideal, with the going firm and springy. I do wish, though, that the competitors would wear the distinguishing colours of their Universities conspicuously enough for spectators to tell how the race goes. Dark-blue shorts for Oxford would surely not be an undue handicap. Incidentally, Oxford are establishing a monopoly in this event—they 've won four years in succession now—and there is surely bound to be a swing of the pendulum soon.

BY the time you read this I suppose Seaman Watson will have made his bid for victory at Olympia against Al Brown, that dark strip of brilliance. I shall always regard Watson as our unlucky boxer, for he is as good a feather-weight champion as we have had in this country since the peerless Jim Driscoll, and yet he was shamelessly side-stepped in America. I cannot believe he will beat Al Brown, who is still the world's bantam-weight champion, but he 'll make a fight of it. Incidentally, Jeff Dickson has had to cancel the show he proposed to put on at the Albert Hall to-night, simply because he could not secure the right men to appear. It was natural that Harvey should insist upon a rest, and box-office attractions are rare just now in this country.

I SUPPOSE there will be a big crowd when Harvey gives Petersen his return fight for the British Heavy-Weight Championship, but that is not likely to take place yet awhile. Harvey will rightly be anxious to cash in on his title first of all, for he must realise that Petersen's superior strength makes him the most dangerous of his British rivals.

FINALLY, to fishing, and here I write with considerable resentment against the weather. Whenever I do take a day off from more practical affairs or more usual forms of relaxation, I sneak down to the Hampshire Avon for a day with the coarse fish. And it 's there that you can best see what phenomenal weather we 've been having. The river is still low and bright : it 's below summer level, in fact, and in December that is astonishing, for normally at this time of year the Avon is a strong, well-coloured river, with a push of water coming down which makes the handling of a punt a matter for experts. And the weeds were unconscionably long a-dying, and when they did die there was neither water nor frost to carry them away. That has improved now, and it becomes possible to spin for pike, but the conditions have put even my lord pike off the feed, and it 's no use expecting that swirl, that bang and away which sends your rod curving and your reel screaming so grandly.

As for the roach, the plump, gallant Avon roach, they are right off. I 'm beginning to doubt whether there are any in the river. The odd thing is, though, that after every blank day optimism is just as lively when we put our rods up for the next adventure. A great game, this fishing !

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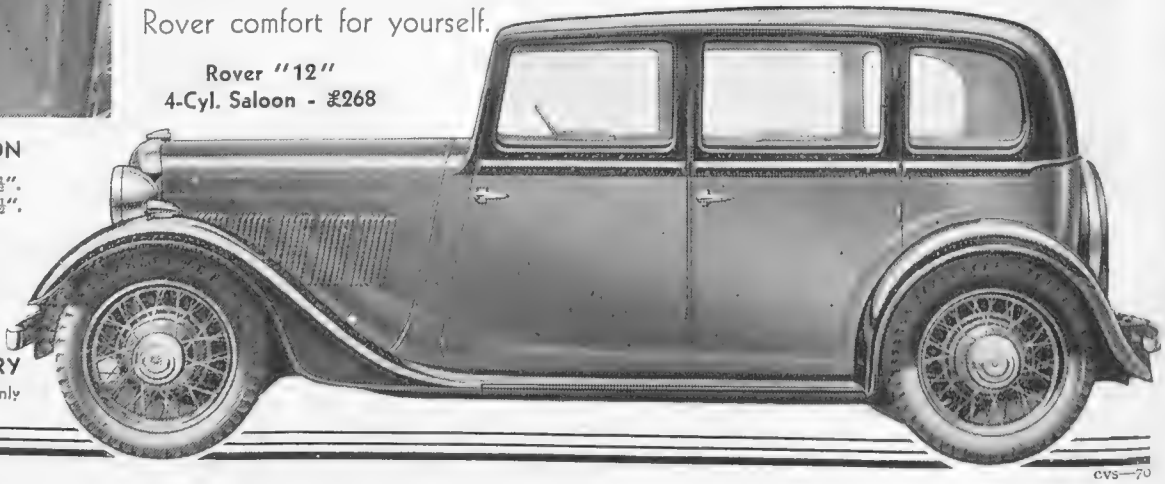

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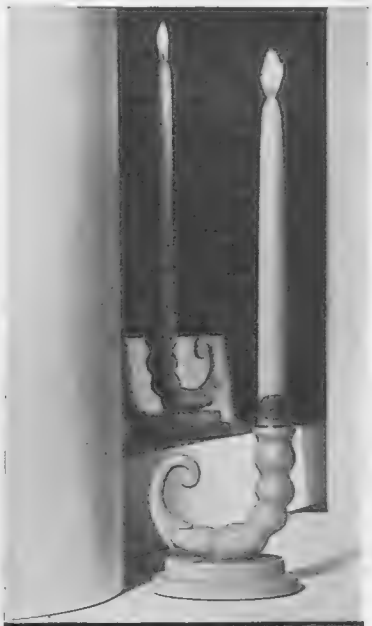

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*THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU*

Advice to readers, for which no charge is made, is gladly given on all aspects of travel. Transportation by air, rail, sea or road, hotel accommodation, clothing and equipment—in short, advice and information upon any matter which merits prior consideration in connection with travel.

**THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON**

# The Editor's Box

*The Older, the Better*

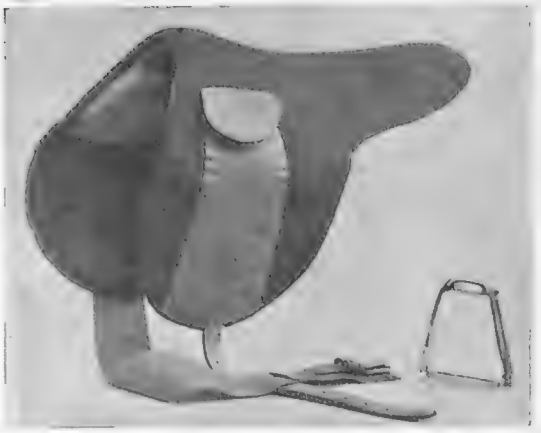
Whiskey may be sold, legally, when it has been matured for no longer than three years, but this, of course, has no effect whatever on the æsthetic appeal of the stuff. Nothing but age can give a whiskey the full and mellow richness of authentic maturity. John Jameson and Son, Ltd., for example, don't allow their J. J. Special Liqueur Whiskey to appear in public until it is twelve years old, and their Three Star Whiskey has reached at least the venerable age of seven years before it is sold. Either of these whiskeys makes an excellent Christmas gift, whether in bulk or in bottle. The firm itself has been in business for no less than 153 years, and during the whole of that time has been in the hands of direct descendants of the founders.

*Foundation for Fancy*

Form and Fancy mean a great deal to the modern woman, but particularly form, and flares and frills would be maddening to us were it not for our perfect foundations. Nowadays women refuse to be tortured by horrible boned contraptions. Sport has moulded and strengthened our bodies, but demands only the merest restraint. Bon Ton Foundation Garments were inspired by that need, and the Bon Ton corselette gives us real comfort together with chic. It is made in all manner of materials to fit the occasion, and is ingeniously designed with the minimum of restriction by the skilful Worcester Corsetry, Ltd. Uplift sections for the bust, low back and inserts of elastic provide a sure foundation for the perfect figure.

*This Bon Ton Corselette for evening wear is cut low at the back and has crossed two-inch elastic sections which firmly, yet comfortably, mould the waist-line. It may be obtained in rose-coloured brocade with an uplift bust section of lace. The back and front boning is cleverly concealed in sateen panels, thus ensuring a perfect silhouette. Sizes 32-42. Price 29s. 6d.*

*A Waterman's Companion Set of so novel a character will surely find a warm welcome from any and every recipient. Pen and pencil are in exquisite blendings of green and gold, crimson and gold, and the ever-popular jet. The Set, with everything to match, is put up in a neat and attractive case for presentation, and costs only 30s. complete*



*Felt saddles for child-riders are specially designed by George Parker to give better grip and more comfort in the field both to child and pony. The Felt Saddle above costs 60s., with girth, super-nickel irons and leathers. The Safety Rubber Side Irons mean that a child cannot be dragged, as the rubber unhooks and releases the rider if he falls off. The price is 22s. 6d.*

*An admirable Christmas Gift is two or more bottles of the old Highland whisky "Stand Fast," the product of Wm. Grant and Sons, of the Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries. Special gift cases contain one, two, three and six bottles*

# "Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September, inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

There is also a Yearly Challenge Cup, open to both Divisions, for the player who wins the greatest number of Bystander Spoons during the year. December will conclude the 1933 Competition, and a new one will start in January.

## November Monthly Medal Results

### Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

| Name. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handicap. | Net Score. | Scratch Score. | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mrs. D. Harris | Edgware | 79 | 11 | 68 | 74 | 6 below |
| Miss Bridget Jackson | Chislehurst | 80 | 14 | 66 | 71 | 5 ,, |
| Miss Phyllis Moore | Stratford-on-Avon | 75 | 4 | 71 | 75 | 4 ,, |
| Mrs. M. N. MacLeod | Wentworth | 78 | 6 | 72 | 74 | 2 ,, |
| Miss Dora MacDonald | Weymouth | 79 | 11 | 68 | 70 | 2 ,, |
| Mrs. T. H. Rowlands | Morriston | 83 | 14 | 69 | 71 | 2 ,, |
| Miss E. Cook | Huyton | 85 | 14 | 71 | 73 | 2 ,, |
| Mrs. Lallow | Cowes | 87 | 17 | 70 | 72 | 2 ,, |
| Miss Jean Priest | Huddersfield | 89 | 11 | 78 | 77 | 1 ,, |
| Miss M. M. Stamp | Exmouth | 84 | 14 | 70 | 71 | 1 ,, |
| Miss Barbara Lees | Huddersfield | 82 | 5 | 77 | 77 | equal |
| Miss Wooding | Kingsthorpe | 84 | 10 | 74 | 74 | ,, |
| Miss G. Lightfoot | Huyton | 85 | 12 | 73 | 73 | ,, |
| Mrs. H. Wright | Thonock | 90 | 18 | 72 | 72 | ,, |
| Miss Monica Ratcliffe | Mullion | 82 | 10 | 72 | 71 | 1 above |

### Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 to 36)

| Name. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handicap. | Net Score. | Scratch Score. | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mrs. Kettle | Cowes | 98 | 34 | 64 | 72 | 8 below |
| Mrs. Pitcher | Bloxwich | 91 | 23 | 68 | 73 | 5 ,, |
| Mrs. F. H. Wallace | Belton Park | 96 | 27 | 69 | 74 | 5 ,, |

| Name. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handicap. | Net Score. | Scratch Score. | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mrs. Meredyth Jones | Shirley Park | 108 | 36 | 72 | 75 | 8 below |
| Miss E. Ainsworth | Wigan | 88 | 19 | 69 | 70 | 1 ,, |
| Mrs. Goddard | Datchet | 97 | 23 | 74 | 74 | equal |
| Miss H. McColl | Tamworth | 109 | 36 | 73 | 73 | ,, |
| Miss M. Frearson | Hockley | 102 | 29 | 73 | 72 | 1 above |
| Mrs. R. J. Pickett | Roehampton | 103 | 24 | 79 | 76 | 3 ,, |
| Mrs. Nicoll | Hockley | 96 | 19 | 77 | 72 | 5 ,, |
| Miss G. Bentley-Lane | Roehampton | 101 | 18 | 83 | 76 | 7 ,, |

*All entries for* The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON DECEMBER

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

Printed for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. December 20, 1933.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

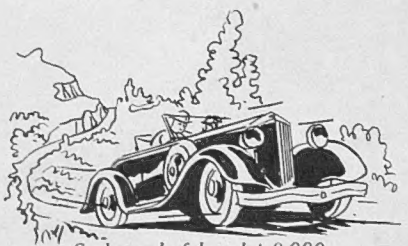
# HABITS CHANGE *but leave their traces*

Life in Spain has undergone vast changes in the last few years... but none of its charm, which you cherished, has been lost. The magnificent cities and landscapes remain... but are animated by a new hospitable cheerful spirit. Travelling in Spain is quite as delightful as it used to be, but ever so much more convenient !

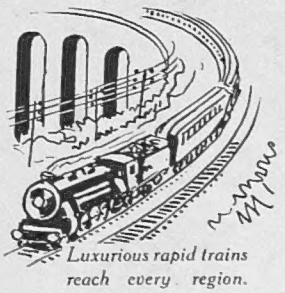
For information, inquire at all good tourist agencies or write to:

**PATRONATO NACIONAL DEL TURISMO**

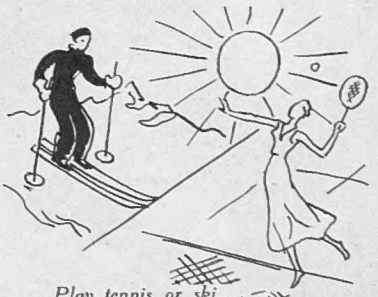
MADRID : Medinaceli 2 - PARIS : 12 Bd. de la Madeleine



*Such wonderful roads ! 8.000 miles of superb autostrada.*



*Luxurious rapid trains reach every region.*



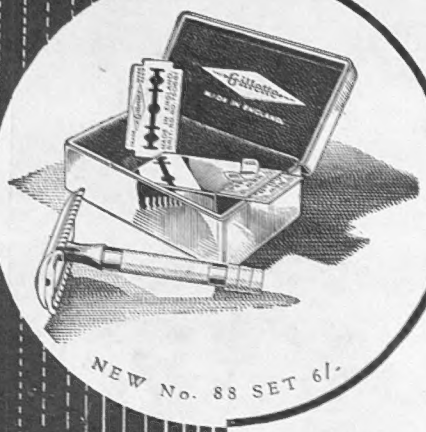
*Play tennis or ski... in sunlight ! All sports.*

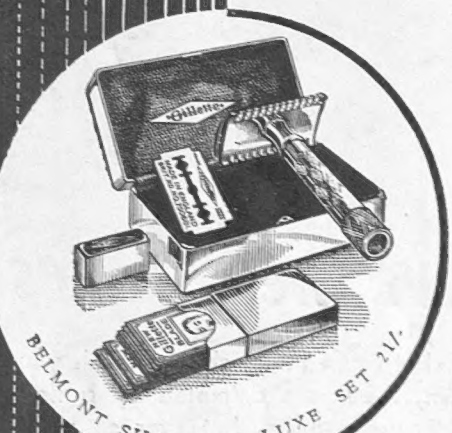
*Up-to-date flying service to every part of Spain.*

*Modern hotels to suit every purse.*

*And a holiday in Spain costs so little !*

# SPAIN PROGRESSES- *but Keeps its charm !*




# *Give him his wish— Give him Gillette*

He is sure to be pleased if you give him a Safety Razor, provided you choose a Gillette. And, choosing a Gillette Shaving Outfit is now so easy because the newly completed range contains such a wide variety of sets to meet every purse and every purpose. There are Sets from 2/6 to 35/-, and *every* set, in quality, precision and value, affords an excellent demonstration of Gillette's leadership in the manufacture of Safety Razors.

No. 88 SET. In velvet-lined nickel-plated case, contains the entirely new and improved Gillette safety razor—only two pieces to clean against three as formerly—together with three of the new English made Gillette slotted blades in a specially designed hinged holder. 6/-

BELMONT SILVER DE LUXE SET. Comprising a heavily silvered Gillette razor of latest pattern and nickel-plated blade sheath containing ten of the new English-made Gillette slotted blades, complete in highly polished nickelled case lined velvet and satin 21/-

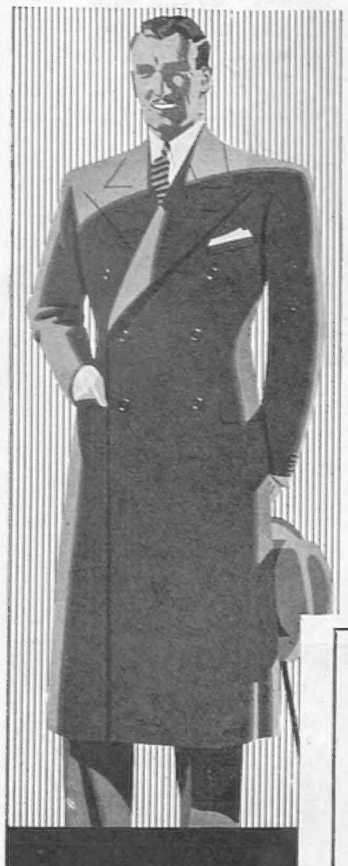
● GILLETTE SLOTTED BLADES NOW COST ONLY 2/6 PER PACKET OF TEN, AND 1/3 PER PACKET OF FIVE.

*The prices for Razor Sets do not apply in the Irish Free State.*

TRADE Gillette MARK

OF ALL DEALERS MADE IN ENGLAND

By Appointment By Appointment



# SHEARS that cut both ways

Bernard Weatherill's shears cut the finest materials for the smartest overcoats in the West-End and then go to the Counting House to cut profits. Whether you want an Overcoat for immediate wear or made to measure you can be sure of faultless fit.

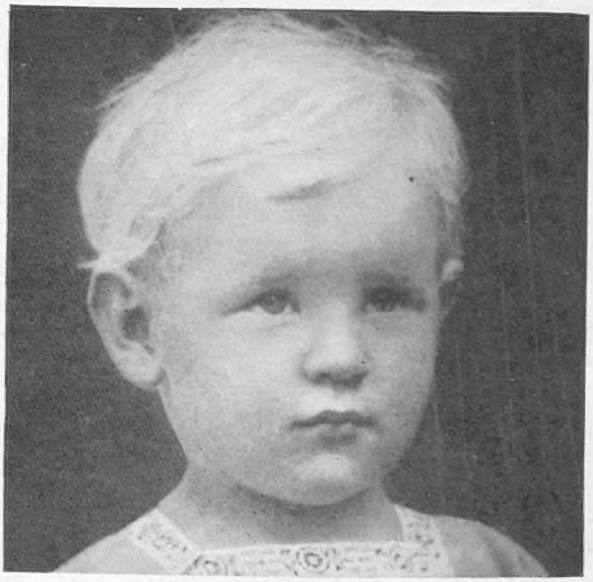
Although they are priced at only 7 and 8 gns. you must judge them by the standard that you pay 9 to 10 gns. for elsewhere.

**Bernard Weatherill Ltd**

55 Conduit St., London, W.1. 81 Cannon St., E.C.4. Birmingham: 11 Bennett Hill.

*Branches at Ascot, Aldershot & Camberley*

# DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



There are 8,507 children in the Barnardo Family.

**10/-**

**will feed one child for a fortnight at the Christmas Season**

Please be Santa Claus to a destitute little one this Christmas.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

# Christmas

## THE TIME FOR GOOD THINGS

Here are two good things to make Christmas cheery – Gifts which bring forth expressions of unfeigned pleasure

PLAYERS' MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO
4oz. TIN...4'4

• IN CHRISTMAS PACKINGS •
DECORATED BOXES OF PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

50 . . . . . 2'6
100 . . . . 4'10
150 . . . . 7'3
100 FIVE-20's 4'9½

# PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd

N.C.C.193

## *Ghost:* If only I had a body to put it in!

The Body-Building power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific tests on human beings to be from 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.